



William. Henson.

The person charging this material is responsible for its return to the library from which it was withdrawn on or before the **Latest Date** stamped below.

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

APR 26 1977

MAR 31 1977



LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823

C885y

v. 1

YESTERDAY IN IRELAND.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "TO DAY IN IRELAND."

IN THREE VOLS.

VOL. I.

CORRAMAHON.

LONDON :

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1829.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.

823
C885y
v. 1

TO
IRELAND'S WARMEST FRIEND,
THE
MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE,
THESE TALES,
ILLUSTRATIVE OF HER POLITICAL STATE,
ARE
RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

See also Read 16 May 1872 1441 and 530

CORRAMAHON.

CHAPTER I.

“Near that famed place where slender wits resort,
And gay Pulvilio keeps his scented court ;
Where exiled wit ne’er shows its hated face,
But happier nonsense fills the thoughtless place ;
Where sucking beaus, our future hopes, are bred,
The sharpening gamester, and the bully red,
O’erstock’d with fame, but indigent of bread.”

POEM ATTRIBUTED TO SWIFT.

IT was in the year seventeen hundred and thirteen, or, that we may not be too precise, it was not long subsequent to the conclusion of the Peace of Utrecht, moreover November, moreover a day as dismal as that month gene-

rally affords to the inhabitants of Dublin, that a gentleman entered one of the most fashionable houses of resort in that metropolis, alluded to by Swift in the above lines, and well-known to him and his contemporaries under the name of Lucas's Coffee-house. The personage wore an air evidently foreign, although this was evinced more by the elegance and scrupulous nicety of his dress and appearance, than by its differing materially from that of the fashionable crowd with which he now mingled. His stock, his ample capeless coat, embroidered waistcoat, and, above all, his peruke, frizzed and parted into two towering summits, form a garb, with which Kneller's canvass has rendered every reader too familiar to allow here any indulgence in its description. This full dress, more strongly denoted by a hat, that, even in traversing several streets of the metropolis upon a November day, had never been promoted from its station beneath the arm to cover for a moment the head for which it was nominally destined, was somewhat in contrast with the less courtly costume of the sparks around. The quick eye of the

stranger soon caught this over-precision and elegance in his dress. He seemed particularly anxious not to attract attention; and his hat was immediately, and for the first time, placed and pressed upon his lofty friz, thus reducing it to the less aspiring standard of the Hibernian mode. His countenance, to complete his picture, was hearty, open, Irish, with a certain air and a premature bronzing about it, from which he might safely be pronounced a soldier, who had seen more service than his years warranted.

The free and easy manners of that day, still savouring of the times of the merry Charles, rendered a coffee-house or other place of public entertainment, a kind of free or neutral port, where strangers laid aside at once the hostility of etiquette, and met on terms of friendship and good will—a state of society very different from that which exists in our days, when not to know a man seems tantamount to despising him, and when persons look upon the honour of their acquaintance in some such light as maidens do that of their chastity, guarding it with a

prudery all as scrupulous and strict. The better bred, nay, even the butterfly fops of those days, such as we find depicted in Wycherley and Farquhar, did not esteem their gentility so perishable as, like the hues of an insect's wing, to be brushed away by the slightest contact. The town, a term synonymous with society, was open to all, whether men of fashion or intruders; and the former felt no fear of being confounded in the vulgar crowd, secure of distinction in the inimitability of their lounge, dress, air, and oaths. In our days, if fashionable writers are to be believed, there exists a similar free-masonry of fashion, and the secrets of the "gentle craft" are, it is vaunted, "a marvel and a mystery" to the uninitiated. Perhaps so: but certes,—those *invisible fences* must be found sadly inefficient, since they impart no more ease to external and mixed life, and since, even with their aids, we stand in need of the closer protection of our grim looks of mutual defiance.

Be this as it may, it was no insult in the year of our narration to wish a stranger good-

morrow, or even to enter at once upon the discussion of the topic of the day with him. Our veteran was scarcely seated, and had just glanced his eye over a number of *Pue's Occurrences*, a famous Tory gazette of those days, when he was accosted by a young spark, who, after an introductory pinch of snuff offered and accepted, commenced the conversation with, "Ha!" at the same time fillipping "the little journal, "what is old Pue at this morning? Hammering the Tories on the old score, I suppose—their disbanding the veterans of Blenheim, and turning so many captains loose to half-pay and other men's wives."

"It is a general complaint, Sir, especially amongst us military, in these times of peace."

"And are you too one of them, old boy? Though, I take it, you never left your colours on this side of the strait."

The dandyism of that day, as of many since, though not exactly of the present one, consisted chiefly in an impertinent address; and presuming on the mild tone and courtly manner of the veteran, the young spark was sound-

ing his way to downright rudeness, that he might enhance his modishness before the crowd of a fashionable coffee-house. The term "old boy," however, and the whole demeanour of his new acquaintance, somewhat discomposed the soldier's grave and foreign courtesy.

"What news from the *Grand Monarque*?" continued the youth. "How many Te Deums hath Lewis sung in honour of the Tories, for having left him his kingdom?"

"*Morbleu*, Sir!" replied the stranger, whose ideas of urbanity, formed in another latitude, allowed him to carry his forbearance no farther, "a young gentleman gifted as thou art, so as to be able to divine at once the movements of a stranger, need ask tidings of no other than his own impertinence."

As a flush arose to the young spark's cheek, his hand wandered in search of the hilt of his sword, but with a movement sufficiently tardy to permit of timely interference on the part of a companion.

"Nay, no brawl, Garret; you forget what is due to a foreigner."

“Odso, do I, comrade!” rejoined the first. “Know I not the Popery Act, and the proclamation against foreign priests and Jesuits? What wager you, that there doth not lie a black tonsure beneath that French perriwig?”

“Then is it in old Ireland I am!” exclaimed the wearer of the perriwig, as much astonished as provoked: “I thought I held a trifling recollection of the little island. But if this be the way in which a stranger is treated on his landing, I have done with it; I renounce it.”

Master Garret’s suspicion of the senior’s being a Jesuit in disguise had escaped neither the ears nor the apprehensions of the rest of the company of the Coffee-house. And as, with the majority of the citizens of the Metropolis, the greater part of those present were Orange and No Popery men, the suspicion was greedily entertained by all around. The foreign garb, tone, and exclamation of the new comer, favoured the idea; and this was not removed by his having sunk in his last sentence into a broad Irish accentuation; a change that was looked on as a fresh artifice to escape detection.

“Come, Father Make-Shift, this will not do,” continued the youth, urged on by the passive astonishment of the supposed Jesuit. “Despite your brogue and your black stock, you must to the Castle, where we shall rip from you, I warrant, the last rescript of the Pope.”

Many rose at the moment to second the menace, and approve the zeal of its utterer.

“Gentlemen! an’ ye will,” exclaimed the accused coolly, “I will with ye to the chateau yonder. Though it is the first time, I trow, that Roger O’Mahon was taken for a Jesuit. Only one request I make, which is, to permit me to disprove my being an ecclesiastic on the body of this whipster that confronts me.”

The hate of a Jesuit was great amongst the honest Hibernians; but the love of witnessing a combat was still greater.

“Well offered!—fair play!” cried many voices, “give the Frenchman fair play.”

The soldier drew his sword under the sufferance of the company; whilst his accuser and antagonist, strange to say, displayed no such readiness. Even when at length he did draw

his rapier, he blushed and hung down his head before the presence of his senior.

"How now, Garret," cried his companion, "what is this? You, the boldest of our rakes and mohawks, where is your courage fled?"

"It is gone at the sound of that name."

"Nay then, Sir, our acquaintance closes here."

"Hear me," cried the youth; and he whispered his friend, "by the cross-grained stars, it is mine uncle."

"His uncle, quotha!" muttered the personage, as he abandoned his abashed and confused friend. "Then shall the old *put* serve my turn better than the young blood." And he stood, as he had done speaking, at the stranger's side; received his coat which the soldier had stripped off for the rencontre, and stood his second and supporter in the midst of rather an hostile crowd of witnesses.

"This is not to be borne!" cried the youth, whom we have hitherto called Garret, attributing the desertion of his companion to his own seeming lack of courage; "one blow may rid

me of a world of trouble, perhaps of my worst enemy." So reflecting, he raised his point, and made no weak nor unscientific lunge at his antagonist. The old soldier, however, was too well acquainted with his weapon, and in a few passes, the sword of the young bully was flung from his grasp, and his life at the mercy of the victor.

"Am I Jesuit now, you dog?" was the pæan of the latter.

"A hand skilled to homicide is no disproof of your belonging to that fraternity," sullenly replied the discomfited youth, whilst one or two voices in the crowd still announced their adhesion to the accuser.

"Nay then, if you will see the priest's tonsure, there it is," cried the senior, taking off his peruque, and displaying a scalp bald enough; and moreover, indented with a huge furrow, which the sabre of an enemy had manifestly cloven. "I bear marks of the masses I have said, and many a saint hath uttered less worthy ones."

“Where got you that piece of martyrdom, old saint?” asked one of the suspicious.

“In Flanders, Sir Orange, from a big-breeched follower of thy saint William’s. ’Twas the last blow Mynheer ever struck, I promise you.”

“Hear the attainted rebel vauntingly confess himself. Look to him, all true men!” cried a voice, and, despite of a partial feeling excited in the stranger’s favour by his gallantry and good humour, there was a manifest wish and movement in the assembly to detain him. He himself seemed passive, and, what tended to disarm the fury of the suspicious, ready to submit himself to legal arrest or examination.

In the moment of hesitation, he who was first introduced as the companion of Garret, the discomfited youth, and who had deserted him, in order, from seeming generosity, to act second to his foe, stepped forth.

“Gentlemen,” said he, “it is either law or custom, that a person should not be twice tried for the same offence; and as we have already

allowed the stranger that by battle, in which he has cleared himself fully and magnanimously, what would you more? Jesuits are given, as we all know, to poignards and poison; but seldom get their skulls cracked on the field of battle."

"Ay, but he is worse than a Jesuit, an avowed Jacobite. And we are the Williamites to——"

"Fair Sir," said the veteran, "instead of, as you propose, attacking an old soldier in the rear, I pray you, do me the honour of placing yourself in the position of that young gentleman who has just picked up his sword."

The Williamite addressed was, however, an honest cit, who offered to play a bout at quarter staff with the Jacobite, but would have nothing to say, as he vowed, to cold iron.

"Come, come, gentlemen," resumed the mediator, "it has been many an honest man's, and above all, an honest soldier's fate, to have fought on the wrong side. This soldier, and both soldier and Pat he is, I'll be sworn——"

"Without being forsworn, honest English-

man, if I may judge from your accent and your frankness," said the stranger, as he held forth his hand.

"Had the ill luck to have been born a Jacobite."

"Some trifle of that sort of luck, on my faith."

"And the hard fate to have been driven abroad, to serve a foreign monarch for honour and for bread."

"There you have it again."

"Ay, a *wild goose*, I warrant you," remarked one in the crowd, such being the name given to those who had emigrated after the capitulation of Limerick, and to convey whom to the Continent in British ships was one of the terms of that capitulation.

"But hold you, my good spokesman, ere you speak more of my hard fate:—Which is it better to serve honourably a foreign potentate, or rest a slave beneath your own?"

"The b——y Jacobite," cried more than one.

"Nay, if you mar my pleading, comrade, I give you up to the Philistines."

“Not a Goliath of them that I could not slay. But soft words are better than long rapiers; so talk them,—talk them over, master. Only, touching my cause or my fate, make only such concessions as become a true Irish heart to offer.”

The long parley seemed to have abated the zeal of the crowd, and this, with the despair of witnessing another combat, had decreased their numbers. Moreover, a different scene of interest for that night, attracted both the gay and the zealous elsewhere. To the suspicious, who still lingered, the spokesman declared his name to be Major Willomer, of my Lord Deloraine’s regiment, and that he would be answerable for the suspected person. The Williamite frequenters of the Chocolate-house professed themselves contented with this declaration on the part of a servant of the Government; and in a few minutes the veteran remained free, to thank his new friend and champion.

“Verily,” said O’Mahon, “I am infinitely indebted for your interference, Sir. I scarcely

thought that one of my name, on his first landing on his own soil, would have needed the protection of an Englishman and an enemy."

"An enemy?"

"So was it. We, the Irish regiment of guards of his Most Christian Majesty, had a slight affair at Ramilies with Lord Deloraine's. I remember them, a mounted, slashing set of cavaliers—"

"Ay, ay; all beaus and captains, even to our youngest ensign. 'Sdeath, what a licking you gave us!"

"Do you say so? and yet we lost the field."

"True; the Frenchmen did take to their heels, and what had you to do, but—"

"Run! out with it. You are devilish complimentary.—And yet I thank your courtesy. At least we did our duty, which, wherever victory turn, is the brave man's consolation."

"True, brother soldier," cried Willomer with enthusiasm; "that sentiment deserves a bumper to hallow it. What say you, shall we cement our acquaintance with a bottle?"

"I am not given to potations," said O'Mahon,

“especially of late; but as both friend and foe, I can’t refuse your challenge.”

“What shall we have, tent or canary?”*

“No Spanish drugs for me. I am for vulgar claret.”

“I am afraid,” said Major Willomer, who piqued himself on being a *roué*, a beau, and a *bon vivant* of the first class; “that we shall not here have choice of the *trois cotés* of St. Evremont, which, no doubt, the *petits soupers* of Paris have rendered you a connoisseur in.”

“I cannot say that I ever heard of them,” replied O’Mahon, to the astonishment of his

* It may not be uninteresting to Hibernian *bon vivans*, to learn the comparative prices, and consequently estimates of wines a century and a quarter back.

By an order of the Lords Justices Berkeley and Gal-
loway, issued in the year 1700, for fixing the prices at
which wine should be retailed in Dublin, the following
appears :—

	s.	d.
White Wine, per quart . . .	1	2
Claret	1	2
Canary	2	0
Sherry	1	8
Portugal and Spanish, except Tent	1	2
Tent	2	6
Rhenish	1	4

companion, who was not aware, that wines, like prophets, are least honoured or attended to in their own countries. Major Willomer had gathered his information from the perusal of the fashionable French writer whom he named. The *chef de brigade*, O'Mahon, had frequented the living society of the French metropolis, and gathered none.

The veteran was deaf to all modish and dandy topics. Willomer therefore recurred to Flanders, in the interminable campaigns of which war-beloved land, *Chef* O'Mahon found a theme so sweet to dwell and to dilate on, that two bottles of the vulgar claret had disappeared in time, if not short, unnoted.

"Shall we discomfit any more of these Frenchmen?" asked the Major, causing the empty bottle to tinkle with his nail.

"Rather let us beat a retreat in good order. Let's see: it is now twenty years since I trod the Green Isle; what has it been about, all this time? What is its progress?"

"The crab's march, I opine; retrograde and crawling——"

“ And trodden on. But, I pray you, no more of such similies.—Let us talk of the humanities, as our chaplain used to say, whenever a topic of politics or religion stirred our mess-board. So I say: talk we of the humanities,—the polite arts,—we may judge a country’s progress on no better grounds. I come from the land of Despreaux and Racine—whom find I here to match them?”

“ A legion—not to stir from this, your island: there’s Tory Swift, just made the Dean of your Saint’s Cathedral, and Steele, and comrade Farquhar, who hath oft shared my tent in Flanders.”

“ And yet, I warrant, ye had not a *corps dramatique* and comedies, to relieve the tedious interval betwixt siege and battle in that country.”

“ No, i’ faith: Dutch wenches, greasy cards, and nine pins, formed the *materiel* of our intellectual amusements. And yet I doubt if we should have exchanged Farquhar’s convivial face and jest o’er a flagon of Rhenish, for all the ambulatory court stage and magnificence

of Louis." The wine had restored to Major Willomer his frankness, and made him almost lose sight of his purpose to flatter and win the good graces of the veteran. Perhaps, however, in this he succeeded best, as he grew more natural and sincere, even though less obsequious. The artful as often gain their purpose in despite of their art, as by its aid.

"Well, well," said O'Mahon, not displeased at hearing the literary pre-eminence of his native country vindicated; "we must have one ready means of judging. The city that boasts a Viceroy, must surely possess a stage. What is the popular play of the time?"

"Gad's my life, what a question! Where have been your ears? Or, have you never read the Guardian nor e'en the Post-Boy?"

"Never."

"Tut, the enormity of your ignorance causes me to forget its excuse,—your expatriation. And yet is it possible, that even in France, in the capital of that Tory-loving and beloved Monarch, thou hast not heard of Addison's Cato?"

“ A noble subject.”

“’Fore Gad, too, Booth is here: the Roscius of the day,—*the* Cato—the play hath made his fortune, as well as Addison’s. And the Whig citizens here are wild in running to witness and applaud the piece. It should be in the bills this night.”

“ Let us wander thither,” said O’Mahon. “ The theatre is my old kill-time. And I would fain witness a representation in the metropolis here, ere I betake myself to native Catherlogh.”

“ Such, then, is your destination,” said Major Willomer. “ Strange that it is mine own. Our regiment is quartered in Catherlogh. I have just returned from a month’s visit to my friends in England, and purpose riding in a day or two to join my corps.”

“ Then we may jog thither amicably together, and fight a fresh battle in Flanders every mile.”

During the latter part of this conversation, the two gentlemen had quitted the coffee-house, and, under the guidance of Willomer, they had

taken their way up the street still called, and deservedly, George's Lane; after which, continuing Aungier Street, in which the theatre of that day was situated, they found themselves in all the crowd and bustle of its approach.

Both were great, so very great as to impress Chef O'Mahon with an high opinion of town and company. The same observation awakened Major Willomer to a recollection of what his converse with the veteran had totally for a moment dispossessed him, viz. of the day's being the fourth of November, the anniversary of the birthday of King William.

"Cato we shall not see this night, my good friend," said the Major.

"And why?"

"'Tis one of the Orange festivals, the birthday of your old enemy, the Great Deliverer, as they here call him. We might have noticed his newly-erected or re-erected statue decorated for the nonce.* Orange and green will

* Some time previous, as the Journals of the day inform us, the Statue of King William had met with one of those overthrows, to which, in its present situation, it is to be feared, it will be always liable. It was re-erected;

have a tussle. And the theatre is one of Paddy's favourite arenas for strife. Shall we enter?"

"But yes, now that we have advanced so far. The expression of popular feeling, too, is somewhat new to one who has long inhabited o'er-courteous France, where it is against etiquette even to applaud. A theatrical riot will be a novelty to me."

"What play shall we have, though?" asked the veteran, as they entered.

"Rowe's Tamerlane is always the one upon these occasions. And if party run high at the time, Dr. Garth's Prologue is always added, by way of hot seasoning, or spice for the Papists."

O'Mahon showed some impatience; but such was the crowd, that it would have been impossible to recede. And Major Willomer and his friend accordingly occupied places, when they awaited the commencement of the piece.

The Dublin theatre of that day does not merit or require any accurate description at and, by way of *pendant*, a ducking-stool was set up betwixt Ormond and Essex-bridge, for the punishment of the said Statue's female enemies.

our hands. It may be supposed not to have rivalled in magnificence its successor of Crow-street, which Kemble and Siddons trod, and on which the writer of this, in the enthusiasm of youth, and with delight since unequalled, has watched the developement from year to year of the matchless talents of O'Neill. The theatre in question, however, was garnished on this night with a theatre's best ornaments,—a crowded assemblage. And this appeared not only in pit, and box, and gallery, the still received places of an audience, but even the *proscenium*, (I beg pardon for the word,) or that portion of the stage which rests discovered before the curtain, was thickly occupied, according to the privilege of that day, by benches, on which sat the very *elite* of the beaus of the metropolis. In this they seemed to have occupied what might be truly called the post of honour, for it was one of peril. The said beaus, as the cockades of some, and the habiliments of others denoted, were Orange all; whilst those in the gallery were already beginning to display hostile sentiments by word of mouth,

or by such significant emblems as copper Jacobuses, discharges of orange-peel, and masticated tobacco.

“Phipps” seemed the rallying word for that day of the Tory Irish faction. And such cries as “Phipps for ever!”—“little Constantine’s the lad!” burst at intervals from high, and proclaimed the rising vivacity of the gods. Their idol, like so many of his kind, since consigned to oblivion,—if, indeed, Curran’s having made use of the name to cover and convey his philippic against Lord Clare, do not rescue it from that gulph,—was Sir Constantine Phipps, who in that year was accused by the Irish House of Commons of an attempt to subvert by bribery the Whig majority in the Common Council of the metropolis. The circumstances are not sufficiently interesting to readers of the present day to be detailed. Suffice it, that at that period, although Swift compares the squabble to a game of cherry-stones, they caused the greatest excitement and disturbance in the capital, and that the conspiracy of the Jacobite Chancellor put the worthy Corporation of Dub-

lin into so permanent a panic, that it seems not to have subsided to this day.

To give vent to feelings agitated by these things, was the chief incitement which drove the good people of Dublin to their theatre. Indeed, the audience of London itself in those days founded its critical judgments and delight as much on politics as upon taste. And "Cato" was not a little indebted to this for its immoderate success: the Whiggishness of the sentiment it was, more than the dramatic force of the piece, that outweighed all the cavils of Dennis. If theatrical taste was thus modified in London, in Dublin certainly it was, and might, more pardonably, be even more so; and it was less to enjoy the beauties of Rowe's poetry, than the aptness and force of its allusions, that such numbers flocked to the representation of Tamerlane.

The tumult somewhat subsided as the hour of commencement was at hand: it gave way to suspense. The performance of the play itself would not have discontented the Tories—they were prepared even to consider it as a

triumph. The prologue was the aggravating point which the Williamites insisted on having, and which their antagonists were prepared to prevent.

In this state of things the curtain rose. No actor presented himself to speak the prologue ; and the Prince of Tanais, one of the characters of the piece, made his appearance, and began—

“ Hail to the Sun——”

His address to the celestial luminary went no farther, being cut short by the shouts and execrations of those in the pit, and on the sides of the stage. The gallery called aloud that he should proceed, but their battery of cries and missiles was too remote to protect him.

“ Here is a scene,” quoth O’Mahon, “ that a few *musquetaires* would arrange à merveille.”

“ The remedy,” replied Willomer, “ seems not preferable to the disease.”

“ *Mais voyons, sacrebleu !*” exclaimed the Chef : “ See, there is my young friend of the coffee-house—*qu’il est brave maintenant.*”

The Prince of Tanais had in fact retired,

leaving the stage clear for combatants more interested than he was, to struggle upon. The Williamite bloods immediately took possession ; and one of them, who proved to be the lately discomfited antagonist of O'Mahon, with play in hand, began to recite forth to the audience the desired and detested prologue.*

There was, as may be supposed, not much of it audible. Willomer and O'Mahon, however, occupying seats near to the stage, caught its import. The latter recognized his master, Louis, as

“ ———The Turkish monarch crown'd,
Like spreading flame, deform'd the nations round.”

And the exultant straining of the spokesman's voice rendered intelligible, in spite of the din, the following lines illustrative of the glorious Revolution of William, under the name of Tamerlane:—

* Some journals of that day assert, that it was Dudley Moore, Esquire, who performed this feat. The documents which afford the materials of this story, furnish it a different hero.

“Some abject states for fear the tyrant join ;
Others for gold their liberties resign,
And venal Princes sold their Right Divine.
Till Heaven, the growing evil to redress,
Sent Tamerlane to give the world a peace.
The Hero, roused, asserts the glorious cause,
And to the field the cheerful soldier draws :
Around, in crowds, his valiant leaders wait,
Anxious for glory, and secure of fate,
Well pleased once more to venture on his side,
And prove that faith again, which had so oft been tried.
The peaceful fathers, who in senate meet,
Approve an enterprise so just, so great ;
While with their Prince’s arms, their voice thus join’d,
Gains half the praise of having saved mankind.”

The tumult was excessive, and the gods finding their lungs ineffective, were preparing to descend to close conflict, when a well-directed shot of some soft missile struck the bold spokesman even in the very organ of utterance, and instantly cut short his prologue. It was a day of evil omen for poor Garret O’Mahon, thus twice discomfited, and twice left friendless ; for the shouts of triumphant laughter that burst from the gallery at his disaster, were echoed involuntarily by his very companions and partizans. Even zealous as they were for the glo-

rious Revolution, a blow in the mouth, a stunning, and at the same time an innocent blow, was far too comic, and rendered the stricken person far too foolish to allow of the seriousness of the by-standers. Williamites and Jacobites all joined in a chorus of laughter. Party spirit was for the instant suspended at the expense of Garret, and the mortified and reluctant pacificator made his retreat in a humour of misanthropy, capable of impelling a man of more sensibility to verse or suicide.

France had been called a *monarchie absolue, tempérée par des chansons*. This *regime* would seem admirably to suit Ireland, so striking is the affinity betwixt the great and the little country ; so mirth-loving and light-hearted are both, so fond of an epigram, that they are ready at any time to barter their liberty for it ; and so enamoured of a jest, that even the fiercest resentment is instantaneously sacrificed to the laughter it creates. As however, in order to render a nation capable of enjoying a jest, it would be requisite previously to give them food wherewithal to support the system, and such a

trifle of education as might lift them a degree above the brutes—preliminaries which it seems not in the power, if in the contemplation, of the rulers of Ireland to impart to her—I fear she must yet remain what *she* is, *une monarchie constitutionnelle, tempérée par des gendarmes*.*

I borrow the expression from Chef O'Mahon, who soon quitted the theatre, accompanied by his new friend. "Tamerlane" had proceeded—nay, every one said that peace was altogether restored—it was, however, such an uproarious kind of tranquillity, so very Irish a peace, that the French guardsman, his ears yet bearing in recollection the reverential stillness which reigned in the royal theatre at Versailles, commanded too as much by the majesty of Racine's verse, as by that of the Monarch's presence, had risen in disgust.

The conversation between the new acquaint-

* The great and infallible *nostrum* of the magisterial Sangrados of Ireland for curing all ills in her body politic, is the *gendarmerie*. The word is naturalized Irish of the nineteenth century. Mr. Grant made a most honourable stand against this unconstitutional principle, for which those gentlemen called him Miss Grant.

tances, as they wended the same streets home which they had lately paced, turned on the national manners and fate of the Irish. Willomer, though a man of shrewdness, cared not a rush for any kingdom or party. It was evident, when arguing, that he was either mocking or cajoling; so ready was his assent, on so nice a shade of difference was his dissent founded. He put warmth at times, it was true, into his replies, but it was the mere warmth of paradox. His mind was elsewhere bent: it would be difficult to say on what. He was apathetic; and yet he adhered to his new companion, flattered and paid him that attention, which man may not with dignity render to man, except a considerable interval of age or rank separate one from the other. In this case there was not sufficient of either to warrant the one in paying any degree of deference to the other. But that this was produced more by design than respect, was evident from the forgetful and capricious manner in which the tone and deference were shaken off. The conduct and character of Major Willomer perplexed the honest Irish soldier, into whose

breast suspicion was the last sentiment to enter. The commerce of conversation, however, becomes neither profitable nor fair, when zeal is bartered for paradox and trifling. Chef O'Mahon felt so, and, turning short, asked, "Who, pray, is the young man that had first the impudence to insult me, and the stock undiminished after his defeat, to commit the same impertinence towards an audience of his countrymen? You seemed at first to have known him, Major."

"Oh! a mere chocolate-house acquaintance. A stranger here, like yourself, I picked up the first puppy I could find for my diversion; 'twas an unfortunate selection, and, 'fore Gad! I had seen the man bold ere he met with you, and of a proper bearing."

"How was he named?"

"I forget," was the reply, after a pause. "To set the old fellow after the young," muttered Willomer to himself, "and have it end in a reconciliation, were to lose both stools; and one I absolutely want." He then continued aloud, "Strange! that I should so soon forget the cursed fellow's name."

“It matters not,” replied the Chef; “only it struck me that I had heard you call him Garret.”

“What a singular prelude to a beau’s name! It is the domicile, verily, of some few of the wits, my acquaintances; but as to their claiming to be Christians by such a title—”

“It is a good, and an old name of baptism,” said O’Mahon; “it sounds before mine own name in mine own family, if I be not mistaken.”

“That was, no doubt, what put it on your tongue,” said Willomer.

“*Parbleu!* and perhaps so,” was the remark of the unsuspecting soldier, as they parted.

CHAPTER II.

SOME days subsequent to the events just related, Chef O'Mahon and Major Willomer urged their horses in company towards Carlow. They had arranged not to pursue the direct road thither, but to take their course by the sea-coast southwards, which would lead them through the beautiful regions of Wicklow; whence, without much circuit, at least with not more than the scenery would well repay, they might regain their mutual point of destination.

Both men of information and travel, subjects of conversation were not lacking; neither was the will, nor the talent to discuss them. The

first remark of either, however, to which I think proper to call the attention of the reader, was one of Chef O'Mahon's, upon entering the then wild gorge, well known as the Glen of the Downs. Tamed, as the noble defile has been of late with roads and banqueting-houses, and ornamental cottages, the approach to it is still wild. One hundred and fourteen years since, it must indeed have been a scene of rude magnificence.

"Do the Rapparees haunt these regions?" said Chef O'Mahon.

"O' my faith, I cannot answer," replied Wil-
lomer; "the land is perfect *terra incognita* to me—and lovely it is, as ever that which Raleigh explored. It wanteth but a gold mine to be a perfect Eldorado."

"That too it hath, if tradition speak sooth. But I tell thee, comrade, the coined gold that clinks behind my saddle interests me more than all the uncoined ore of Lagenia. Therefore, spake I to you of these same Rapparees. Hear you ought of them?"

"They are extant, verily. Knaves, like kings,

never die. It was but a few days since, I saw in the diurnals, that two Roman and Roman Catholic bishops, sent by your good friend, the Pope, to occupy episcopal seats in this *his* Holiness's kingdom of Ireland, had been landed at Kinsale, but were discovered, and handed over to the authorities of Cork, to be dealt with as the law ordains."

"Poor prelates! they will be re-shipped for their pains, if indeed, they be not kept prisoners."

"What a notion you have of the law under which you have come to live!" said the Major. "The poor prelates will be hanged, that is, would be but—"

"Hanged!" said O'Mahon; "but finish me your *but*."

"But that the Rapparees have rescued them."

"And well done, in sooth, for a set of rascals who could have gained nought but blows and blessings for the feat."

"Hush!" said Willomer, "more circumspection here. There are more spies than Rapparees to be dreaded. And even if the latter

manned this pass, are we not three mounted cavaliers?"—Major Willomer's domestic rode behind them.

"Mounted doubtless, but unarmed: I have not told you another adventure that befel me in Dublin, another delightful sample of the times. My pistols, mine old companions through all the wars in Flanders, which I valued as the last gift of a gallant friend, had rusted, grown out of order, during my long sea-voyage; I took them to an armourer's, a rogue dwelling nigh to the Castle—I should have suspected the vicinity—and he seemed more than ordinarily civil on perceiving their rich and foreign mounting. When I sought them of him again, however, the rogue was altered. He talked of his perils; of the proclamation; of his oath to deliver arms to none but sure men,—and in short, refused to return me my poor pair of pistolets, unless I proceeded forthwith before a magistrate, to take in his presence the oaths of supremacy and allegiance. I grew wroth with reason, blustered, and, I believe, swore; the citizen declared his life in danger from a mad

Jacobite, and an emissary of the French King, who had come with French pistols to assassinate him. A crowd collected, an Orange crowd; we had before encountered such an one. Parleying continued: and the armourer verily did produce to me a list of some dozen of my Catholic countrymen, to whom alone arms were permitted. Some were permitted to carry pistols; others were highly favoured with the grant of carrying a fowling-piece; whilst to others by name were accorded the mere privilege of wearing a sword.* Methought, *that* at least was the right of every gentleman. But it was not mine, I found; my name was not in the list. I was astounded. The armourer stretched forth his grasping hand for my sword also; this very rapier by my side. Catinat had worn it."

* March 23, 1700. A proclamation was issued, forbidding all Catholics to have arms, except 95, whose names are enumerated; of whom, five are allowed a sword only; eight, a sword and pair of pistols; the rest, sword, pistols, and a gun. In the November previous, all licences to carry arms granted to Papists, had been called in.—See the Flying Post, and other Journals of the time.

“How did you rescue it from the Orange armourer?”

“His touch did not dishonour it. My patience, on seeing my sword in jeopardy, was not so exemplary as when it was denied me, being a Papist, the privilege of taking soup or coffee in peace. I drew the blade, struck mine armourer upon the teeth, to their discomfiture; and as I waved it to open a path before me, the Orange crowd acknowledged the virtue of the talisman, for they fled in all directions. I, soon hearing the gallop of horsemen from the Castle, followed their example, and sped, till I was ensconced in mine hotel.”

“You should have informed me of this circumstance ere we left the metropolis. It may turn out to be of serious consequences.”

“O’ my faith, I was ashamed of my own and my country’s degradation, and sought to forget it. Had Catholics but foreseen a tithe of these disgraceful oppressions, they would have defended the old walls of Limerick to this hour, or at least buried themselves, and their country’s rights, with honour beneath the ruins.”

“Now, patience,” muttered Willomer to himself: “set an Irish Tory astride that same Treaty of Limerick, and there is no hope, while breath lasts, of his reining in.”

Willomer was right, for the diatribe which followed from the veteran was long; but it was animated and just.

“Ah! that treaty,” observed the Major, meditating a reply, with which to extinguish the argument and so get rid of it; “that treaty of Limerick was a sad blunder of William’s.”

“As how?” asked the veteran sharply.

“In that this Dutchman, after receiving a crown at the hands of the English, on the express condition of securing their religion, no sooner obtained it, than he forgot that condition; and here in this kingdom, after two signal victories, and an every way successful campaign, he conceded, simply for the pleasure of gathering laurels on his favourite field of Flanders, and of indulging his personal enmity to the French king—he conceded, I say, to the Catholics, those sworn enemies of English

liberties and religion, more favourable terms, than those who placed him on the throne would have granted ere one blow had been struck."

"Which terms were forced on him," said O'Mahon.

"Ay! forced on him; not by the weakness of England to complete the conquest it had begun, but by the necessity which the Prince of Orange was, or felt himself under, to transport back from Ireland to Flanders."

"Nay," rejoined the veteran good-humouredly, "if ye enjoyed the advantages of having a Dutch Prince for a sovereign, you must take the disadvantages along with them—of which one, no doubt, is to be ever ready to defend that indefensible Holland."

"But, moreover," continued Major Willomer, who was now aroused from his apathy, and who permitted himself to be so, since he perceived that frank sincerity and bluntness won upon his old companion more than the obsequiousness which he on their first acquaintance thought it requisite to observe, "Wil-

liam, or his depute, Ginkle, granted more to the Papists than he had either the right or the power to concede."

"Ah! *corbleu!* that's a depth of whiggism, beyond even what I supposed. Your kings, then, have not the power to make treaties?"

"They may make treaties with foreign powers, and even that not to the prejudices of the constitution. But it belongs to the legislature alone to deal with subjects, to take away, or to bestow privileges: and the legislatures, both of England and Ireland, have done right in retracting the concessions of a king, who exceeded the limits of his authority."

"Upon my honour! your executive and your legislature are delightful inventions for allowing you to do what you please, and to shake off the bonds of justice and obligation. Their invention was worthy of Machiavel. But a word with you: you allow your monarch, in kind consideration, the right to make treaties with foreign powers. Now we were a foreign power; had neither right nor will to own a Dutchman for our king, in lieu of our own

hereditary one ; and consequently, the articles granted by William guarantee us, and bind you."

" Foreign ! good comrade : cast your eyes upon a map, and confess that Ireland is geographically and irrevocably joined and appertaining to England."

" It is an island, with a wide channel round it ; and I know nought but love and good will that can build bridges across arms of the ocean."

" Ye are *subjects* of her glorious Majesty Queen Anne," said the Major, smiling ; " and, what is more, of the House of Hanover, her successors."

The Chef's eyes shot fire.

" And whatever ye may please to consider yourselves, depend upon it, that a stronger than ye will consider ye as *subjects*."

" They do not so, Sir," replied O'Mahon, " neither do we. We are to England a *foreign* country, and a foe, kept down by an army of occupation—and such we will remain, a mutinous country, a gang of galley-slaves ; not repaying our masters even the price of our chains,

until the articles of the Treaty of Limerick, and the rights of humanity at once resume their force."

"Curse these political arguments," said Wil-
lomer, "they ever burst in to interfere with the
most promising friendships."

"With no such effect in this case, com-
rade," said O'Mahon, sinking from his choleric
tone. "On the contrary, supporter as you are
of injustice, I am aware, or I think it possible,
that it is from a love of abstract liberty, from
an idea that our religion is hostile to the pro-
gress of man's happiness and reason; and from
true though mistaken philanthropy, that you
thus abet the persecution, the degradation of
a portion of your fellows; therefore, I respect
even your Machiavelism. But I tell you, such
arguments and such principles were not made
for the lovers of liberty—they will soon be
discarded from the mouths and minds of the
truly liberal—but, alas! they will not die—they
will be picked up and cherished by the narrow
and the prejudiced, the fautors of despotism
and bigotry, to whose souls they will be so con-

sonant. And those penal and unjust laws; those outworks which ye have raised to protect the citadel of freedom, shall be in time occupied by her enemies, and turned against that citadel for its own destruction."

"You have excused me," said Willomer, "better than I could have excused myself. But see yonder is a little inn, at the end of this green o'ershaded vista. How can we be such barbarians as to make this lovely scene resound with all the jargon of London coffee-houses? Yonder is Newrath Bridge."

"Ah! there again," muttered forth O'Mahon. "Barbarous association come to disperse the charm of our loveliest scenes?"

"How now?" said the Major.

"Merely, that whilst the English soldier is admiring the beauties of this sequestered spot, his Irish companion is doomed to recollect the hapless females that Coote hanged upon this bridge in forty-two. One of his victims was a pregnant woman; and he hanged her, as he said, lest she should give birth to one more wretched Papist."

“Sink those recollections, my good friend; all parties have their savages; to whom, be they living or dead, the fittest punishment is to forget them.”

’Twas late, and in the gloom of a winter’s evening, that the travellers reached Catherlogh, or Carlow. Major Willomer, whose brother officers were expecting him, took leave of his travelling companion with a warm shake of the hand, and a promise that he would not fail to visit him at his brother’s house on the morrow, if possible——”

“Cor——”

“Corramahon,” said the Chef; “but there is no peg in your English recollections, on which you could hang such a name—however, it is nigh to the dwelling of one Sir Burton——”

“Sir Christopher Burton’s, of Palestine?” said the Major.

“The same, I suppose,” said O’Mahon drily; for that name was one that he had early learned to hate.

“Ah, Burton’s a gay fellow, and an hospitable, as we of Deloraine’s well know. And

Carrymione I know right well also—I have been there, or thereabouts at least,” said the Major.

“ Have you—then *à revoir* ;” and the travellers parted.

O'Mahon felt relieved from the company of Willomer. Not but that he liked passing well the English soldier:—somewhat trifling, perhaps, he deemed him, and displaying a manifest lack of interest upon all points that should touch a generous and a thinking man. He was a man of fashion, a rake, *blasé* in fine—and his apathy might, therefore, be accounted for, without attributing it to absolute cold-heartedness. An affectation of this kind too, was, as it is, often supposed to become the soldier; and much of what in it displeased the more honest O'Mahon, might have been at first put on and worn, as is often the case with affectation, till it had grown habitual, and seemed a part of the character itself.

But however favourable his ideas might be to his new acquaintance, O'Mahon was glad to be allowed to approach alone the seat of his fa-

thers, the place of his birth and of all his young recollections, the house which still held, or should hold, his only relatives, the only objects of a lone man's affections.

The darkness of night was abated, and rendered in a degree "visible" by clear star-light, aided by one of the early frosts of winter. Chef O'Mahon spurred impatiently his jaded steed through one of the suburbs of Carlow, peering wistfully, as he passed, but in vain, to catch a glimpse of any of the objects that had been in his youth familiar to him. The river Barrow, and the ancient Castle, then, and until a very few years since, one of the noblest ruins in Ireland, he could not have failed to recognise, even through the gloom, but that they were on the side of the town farthest removed from the Dublin road, and consequently out of all reach of his vision.

Without entering the town itself, the traveller struck into another road, which led from it northward, parallel with the course of the Barrow, though against its stream; and after a smart trot of a couple of miles, he began to feel

that mingled and indescribable sensation of nearing home, after an absence long enough to allow oblivion of one's person to have stolen upon every former friend.

“Will they know, will they remember me?” soliloquized Roger O'Mahon. “How have years and cares agreed with Ignatius, though of the latter he ever promised to take little heed? Worn down, I warrant, by his own sloth and other's oppression, more than I, Roger, by some half-score of years' campaigning. And Deborah, my worthy, warm-hearted sister-in-law? and little Garret, the hope of the family?—little! said I: one and twenty round years the strippling hath. Ha!” as the night-breeze whistled through a noble line of leafless ash and elm trees on each side of the road, “I know you too, my old friends; and this also is familiar to me,” continued the *Chef*, with less buoyancy of tone and gladness, as he marked the corner and continuation of a deer park-wall. The sight seemed to disturb his contemplative mood; for he immediately spurred on, and did not rein

in, until the quick-set brake had replaced the stone-wall by the road-side.

The night became brighter, objects around clearer. Not only did the traveller's sight, from being for some hours habituated to darkness, become sharper to mark and distinguish; the moon also, though not visible, began to betray its influence, either from beneath the horizon, or from behind some dull and unseen clouds that lingered there. By her light, in this unwelcomed, O'Mahon discerned on the summit of a gentle eminence, rising gradually from the road, the lordly and castellated mansion of Sir Christopher Burton.

Here again was the spur of the *Chef* applied; and after another half-mile trot, he turned his horse abruptly from the high road into a lane. The heart of Roger here felt its first misgivings. There was no sign of this being, as in old times it was wont to be, the avenue or track to an inhabited mansion. Boughs of trees and briars hung half-way over, or stretched even farther forward to a loving embrace with their brethren, whilst at every step the traveller's

steed seemed to plunge into some perilous slough.

“Patience, patience!” muttered he; “it is too soon to augur the worst yet, especially considering in what country, and on whose property, please God, I am.”

Just as he spoke, and as he was abstracted by his feelings from that degree of attention which the path required, his steed came in contact with the huge trunk of an elm, that the last equinoctial gales had uprooted, and flung prostrate across the lane. *Chef* Roger was precipitated to a distance, luckily without hurt, except to his habiliments that licked up much of the puddle; the poor animal he had bestridden, recovered itself after a short tumble, and trembling awaited till his master had equally righted himself.

“My poor old charger, poor *Saint Gris*! the curse of O’Mahon on the road, and the lazy hands that—but come, let us first see whom we have to bless or curse—can you on, my good gray, *en avant, Saint Gris*,” and the old horse curvetted, like a dragoon’s steed of the

old *manege*: “that’s my gallant *bête*,” said O’Roger; “I trust you’re no more the worse of it than myself, though it’s an ugly welcome they give us to Corramahon.”

For the rest of the path O’Mahon led his steed by the bridle till he reached the house, now fully discernible by the increasing light of the moon. It was approached through the farm-yard, as was, no doubt, of old, the fashion of both English and Irish houses of the middling rank, and as is still the mode of similar establishments in France, where they are nevertheless honoured with the title of chateaus. It pleased and re-assured him to see, amidst much signs of neglect and dilapidation, still many of the outhouses fitly tenanted, so as to denote the residence at least, if not the care, of a proprietor. As he entered the silent bawn or court, and, looking in vain to descry any light in the house, paused with some anxiety, the solemn chewing of the kine, the flutter of the awakened poultry, and the surly challenge of the pig, attracted his attention, and relieved him.

He rapped at the door of the house,—rapped

again,—no answer. He retired, and took a survey; came and rapped again. Thereupon he lifted the latch, and penetrated, without meeting impediment, into the old kitchen, which, garnished with all the implements of cookery and housekeeping, seemed by no means to indicate a desert house. This fact was at length proved by an old woman's springing up from a settle or box-bedstead in the corner of the kitchen, roused from slumbers by the hammering of O'Mahon against its head. No sooner was she aroused, however, than instead of replying to any of the manifold questions of the intruder, she commenced a vociferous and continued cry of, "Murther, murther, och, wirra, murther! what 'll come of us, at all, at all?"

O'Mahon endeavoured to allay her fears. Seeing him so gentle, she knelt at his feet, with, "Oh, then, Master Rapparee honey, yes come at last; have mercy on poor Shulah, a *dissolute* ould woman, and a widow this twinty long year."

"And is it you, old Shulah?" said Roger

O'Mahon, fondly and wistfully recollecting the nurse of his youth, as he took her two shrivelled hands betwixt his, and almost embraced her.

“Whethen it isn't evil designs you have on a body, sure enough,” cried the astonished hag, drawing back. “Musha now, Shulah agra, be takin care yoursel’,” continued the old woman, addressing herself, and gazing fixedly on O'Mahon, as she struck repeatedly her closed fist against her breast,—“and keep off the quare thoughts that be coming to you. No, it isn't,” shouted she, “the sorrow a bit if ye, Master Roger, my darling boy.” And the old domestic folded the welcomed Master Roger in her arms.

“I am Roger O'Mahon, indeed, Shulah. My brother, how is he?”

“Is it the master?—tight and hearty, as he should be. Och, Master Captain Roger, honey, for that you're at the laste, let my ould eyes luk on ye till mornin' light.”

“Come, Shulah, where is my brother Ignatius?—lead me to him. Where is Deb—?”

“ Whisht with you now. God rest her sowl, she ’s gone to Heaven afore us all.”

“ Good Heaven! Yet something of this kind I should have expected. Is it long since?”

“ No, in troth, that it isn’t. Rest her sowl, she went in the right time.”

“ As how, Shulah?”

“ You ’ll larn, Master Roger, you ’ll larn, all in the good time, but not this blessed night, when your own beautiful self is come home from the wars. I ’ll bring ye to *him*, sure.” And the old woman proceeded to adjust her garments.

“ But where, where is he?” cried the impatient Roger. “ Can I not find him out myself?”

“ Troth then you’d be cuter far nor the blind mare, that knows every lane, and every turn o’ ’em twixt this and Baltinglass, without hint of man or moonshine—so you would.”

“ Why, where is he?”

“ An’ where should his honour be, and the

long nights upon us, and the blessed Christmas times comin' on, but——”

“Where, woman! you'd try the patience of——”

“There he goes! Wild Roger all over—sorrow a bit of the gossoon, but 's all in the man—and now you're quite, I'll ax yoursel' where should Ignatius O'Mahon be?”

“Truly, Shulah, I cannot tell,” said the *Chef*, perceiving as well as remembering, that hot words and impatience would never extract aught from the old woman.

“Why, then, his honour's a *coshering*, to be sure, among his own tenants.”

Chef O'Mahon here recollected one of the customs of his native land, that he had almost forgotten; which was, that the lord of the soil, instead of receiving his rent in either money or kind, preferred betaking himself with his establishment to the house of the tenant, and there feasting and living at the expense of the latter for a certain period prescribed. This was called *coshering*, and was a grievance much complained of by the unfortunate Irish serfs in olden time.

From such landlords, however, as Ignatius O'Mahon, especially in these later days, when the old native blood and old native manners began, both from neglect, rarity, and disuse, to be more prized, such a visitation, instead of being looked upon as a grievance by the favoured tenant, was esteemed a high honour, and its duration peculiarly devoted to jollity and good cheer.

“Now, Master Roger, honey, I’m ready to go afore ye,” said Shulah; “but stop, be asy a bit,—I’ll show you a sight ’ll do yer heart good, if ye step wid me first.”

The old woman seized a rushlight, that she stuck into an iron candlestick, ponderous enough to have supported a torch, and guarding the tiny flame from being extinguished by the wind of the passage, she took her way, followed by the *Chef*, into the house. Roger scanned each room, and turn, and cranny, as he passed, with fond remembrance.

“Ah! ye may look, it’s jist the same as you left, sorrow a change, if it warn’t for th’ holes in the boords that be grown bigger or so, bar-

rin' the one that the master stulk his leg in and broke it one day. Saving o' that, and a little straw may be haaped now and then upon the thatch, not a stroke of change or of work has been upon Corramahon, inside or outside, since ye marched off to take up wid the Frinchmen."

Shulah arrived at the top of the staircase and the end of her speech together, and then putting off her brogues, stole on tip-toe, motioning Roger O'Mahon to follow her caution and example, into an apartment. He followed, and Shulah pointed out the sight, which indeed, according to her expression, might have "done a body's heart good." It was that of a lovely girl, wrapped in slumber, and reposing on a couch, neatly decked for so neglected an abode. Dark and glossy locks escaped from under her night head-dress, and strayed over a cheek, whose natural vermilion flushed stronger from the effects of sleep. Her long dark eyelashes had, in that position, all, and more than the expression of what they veiled. The loveliness of the sleeper, and exquisite was that loveliness,

did not appear of that commanding, lofty kind, which is generally associated with raven locks, and darkly pencilled brows. It was rather of the infantine,—the more soft and feminine sort : the nose, neither Grecian nor aquiline, was rather the reverse of the latter ; and her little mouth, pouting in sleep, I can describe but in the beautiful couplet of the *Roman de Rose*.

“ La bouche petite et grossette,
Et au menton une fossette.”

Roger O'Mahon was about to ask, but the finger of Shulah checked him ; and both descended the staircase, stealthily as they had ascended, Shulah leading the way without delay into the open air.

“ And what's all this ? who's that, Shulah ? ”

“ And who should it be but the mistress's, rest her sowl, Deborah O'Mahon's own daughter,—”

“ A lovely creature,—but where is Garret ? ”

“ There, whisht again with you, ahager.”

“ Surely he is not dead, Shulah ; my brother's son ? ”

“ Bother ! the likes o' him never die ; but it's

the night of your coming, Master Roger ; Garret 's done the thing that he shouldn't, let that be enough for you. And sorrow 's the onlucky word of him shall cross my teeth again this night."

So saying, the old woman, allowing time for the *Chef* to put up his steed, and make some other arrangements, flung the external one of her many nether garments over her head, tripped across the bawn, out of the gateway where gate was none, and upsetting in a twinkling a cart and a barrow, which stood together guarding a gap into an extensive field, she led the way, followed by Roger O'Mahon. "It was a dawny bit of a step, shure, down to Dan Mulligan's o' Crone Bawn. We was all there the day, an' loshins o' faastin', an' fun ; only Missie Rachel and mysel' came home to sleep, out o' the rollicking sound of 'em."

"And would not you and Miss Rachel be safer at Crone Bawn, Shulah, than alone in the old house, and the door unbarred too?"

"Then is it you, Master Roger, ud have me do the onlucky act to draw boult or bar in the

house of O'Mahon; the name was made for them, that fright, not fear. Who would harm us that could harm us?"

"You know best, Shulah; but did not you take me for a Rapparee just now?"

"True enough; bad luck to your sweet face, I did. But the fear was in the mouth, not the heart o' me. For the cratures o' Rapparees know friend and foe too well insunder to come to Corramahon. And don't be tellin' that I took you for any sich thing, or they 'd be sticking me up in the thatch, or pouring the likker down my throat, and there ud be no end of laughing at me for a gomeril."

The 'dawny bit of a step' was at length, and not without difficulty, mastered. Roger and his guide approached the farm-house of Crone Bawn, and the din of jovial sounds that reached him without, bespoke carousing and jollity within.

Shulah lifted the latch, and displayed to the new comer a group assembled round a blazing turf-fire, enjoying apparently the contents of a bowl full of good compound that stood near,

and doing honour to its inspiration by (if one might judge from the effect) the gayest stories and wittiest of jests.

At an unexpected meeting, Roger certainly could not have recognized his brother, whom he had left an active and athletic youth. He felt even for an instant reluctant to acknowledge as Ignatius, the bloated and uncommanding personage to whom Shulah pointed as her master, and who, from the carved and lofty-backed oak arm-chair that he occupied, while the other guests sate on humble stools around, could be no other than the O'Mahon. His figure now had swelled to corpulency, his legs too in the same proportion of size and infirmity—a washy red covered brow and cheek alike—the sparkling azure eye was subdued to the lustreless blue of the turquoise; and the long hair, or *glib*, as he called it, which Ignatius cherished as an Irish custom, the more to be revered since English laws forbade the mode, and which his brother remembered to have charmed the maidens of Limerick, was now a matted mass of grey, appended to the skull, and resembling

a cap after the Spanish fashion, rather than the veritable growth of the head.

Ignatius O'Mahon raised his eyes, swimming with the effects of joviality past and present, upon Roger, whose coming even without knowing him, he was prepared to welcome as that of a boon companion additional.

Not so the farmer, who cried out to Shulah, with an oath, "——, which o' the Englishers bring ye upon the *Aireach*,* and he not in his own hall, but *coshering* in a poor *bodough's*† cabin."

"Whisht wid your blating, Dan Mulligan," replied the old woman, "you that dosen't know an Englisher from an O'Mahon."

"The cross of —— about us!" ejaculated the farmer's daughter, huddling up into the chimney corner from the stranger, and crossing herself the while: "whoever seed sich a perriwig as that?"

And the remark made even Ignatius smile, as he rose, the tears of brotherly love at the same time filling his lid, to embrace Roger. The

* Prince, or Chief.

† A tenant.

long separated relatives folded each other in their arms, and kissed on both sides of the cheek—still an Hibernian, as well as a French custom—whilst Shulah applied her apron to her tears, and the farmer swore, with a whack of his hard hand, “that thof he never minded to have seen him afore, yet if it warn’t for the French wig, he ’d for sartain ha’ known Master Roger amongst a thousand.”

Fifteen years and more had elapsed since the brothers had parted; and the tidings received of one another in that time had been scant and uncertain; in the latter years of the war had been totally interrupted.

Ignatius was overcome: for some minutes after he had regained his chair, he sate, turning his eyes from his brother to the glowing hearth, and from the hearth to his brother; who for his part, though as a soldier, accustomed to strokes of good and evil fortune suddenly experienced, and consequently not so moved, yet was unwilling to break by a word the spell of silence and emotion. At length, Ignatius recollected himself, stretched forth the

mug, from which he drank, to be replenished, and nodding a mute but expressive welcome to Roger, took the reviving draught. It restored speech to the Aireach, and at the same time to all around, who straight poured forth to Roger the *caed millia fealtha*, or hundred thousand welcomes (without allowing the expression to exaggerate) both from their throats in the shape of noise, and down their throats in libations of potent liquor.

Ignatius was very near his last cup, when Roger entered ; and although this event afforded a fair excuse for counting all preceding cups on that night as nought, and for commencing a new score ; yet, as he could not induce his intellect to resume its freshness equally, it is not fitting to introduce for the first time my reader to the Aireach in his present state. He was joyous at first, but in a little time his rereplenished mugs had the effect, common to him and many other soft-hearted souls, of converting his gladness to pathos. The recovery of a long-lost brother suggested, in the midst of the happiness it created, a thousand sad recol-

lections of the past, in which the imagination of Ignatius revelled, and at length utterly lost both itself and its sister reason.

For the pen to record his remarks, mutterings, and ejaculations, were impossible. The Aireach was *crying drunk*.

CHAPTER III.

IGNATIUS and Roger O'Mahon were the grandsons of an Irish chief or lord, of considerable power and territory in the county of Catherlogh, but who, in the consequences of the insurrection of sixteen hundred and forty-one, had been deprived of two-thirds of his estate. Murrogh, such was the old chief's name, had been even driven into Connaught at one time, and compelled to accept a sorry equivalent for even the remaining third of his Leinster lands, in the boggy and rocky soil of the former province. Some of the lenient clauses or accompaniments of the Act of Settlement, however, restored his son to Corramahon.

Nothing could be more iniquitous and unjust than the royal decree which confirmed the spoliation of the O'Mahons. Murrogh had not joined in the rebellion of forty-one, in which the sept of the Mac Mahons of Ulster bore so conspicuous a part; on the contrary, he and his race held the northern sept in hatred and abhorrence, as of Scotch and foreign blood, intruded but yesterday upon the island, and yet assuming to themselves the honour of being the true and elder sons of Mahon, an honour due, in O'Mahon estimation, unquestionably to their own family. It was this very consideration, perhaps, which kept Murrogh from at first joining the conspirators. When Ormond, however, raised the royal standard in Ireland, Murrogh O'Mahon collected his powers, and fought, as Irishmen have ever fought at home, with unsuccessful arms against Cromwell and the Parliamentarians. The consequence was, his being confounded with those who had conspired originally against English power, his being condemned to forfeit the greater part of his property, and to suffer banishment beyond

the Shannon. After the restoration, the claims for exemption from Irish forfeiture were so numerous and complicate, that even the commissioners appointed to consider them had not the patience requisite. The family of the Knight Adventurer, also, who had acquired possession of the forfeited property of the O'Mahons, a Royalist too, strange to say, so utter was the confusion of parties, was too powerful to be ousted. And the O'Mahons thus remained curtailed of their hereditary lands, one of the many martyrs to the royal cause.

When Murrough O'Mahon returned in sixteen hundred and sixty-one, from Connaught to Corramahon, he found this Knight Adventurer, Sir Christopher Burton, installed not only on his forfeited lands, but in a fair castle, which, aware that his right would need defence, he had taken early care to erect upon his new estate. He was a chivalrous old warrior; and although of the reformed persuasion, a great admirer of the times when the church armed and blessed the champions which she sent forth to adventure. It was owing to this, as well as to the

natural beauty of his domains, that Sir Christopher gave to his lands and castle the name of Palestine. Another Sir Christopher, the grandson of the Adventurer, inhabited Palestine at the period of this story.

That the Burtons and O'Mahons lived in hostile and sullen neighbourhood, need scarcely be told. The origin of the feud betwixt the families was one not likely, or indeed possible to be forgotten ; and it was kept alive by struggles and debates in Parliament, between the parties to which each were attached. The original owners before forty-one were called *the old interest* ; those benefited by the forfeitures were known under the name of *the new interest*.

The accession of James the Second gave great hopes to the former, or Catholic party, of recovering lost lands and privileges. The Lord Lieutenant Tyrconnel, and afterwards James himself, took every step towards both righting and gratifying them. The O'Mahons were bound to the monarch by interest and gratitude, as well as by inclination. They failed not to join him in the approaching struggle with his competitor. About that time the existing pro-

prietor of Corramahon died, leaving his two sons, Ignatius and Roger, the latter yet in boyhood, to bear arms in the cause of their legitimate monarch, and at the same time assert their right to the property of which the family had been unjustly deprived.

The two Irish youths joined the standard of James, and made their first essay of arms at the Boyne, where Roger, whose years scarcely numbered twelve, but who could not be restrained from mingling in the strife, was cut down by a Dutch trooper, but rescued, and his antagonist slain, by the fraternal resentment and courage of Ignatius. Those afterwards acquainted with the young O'Mahons, would have augured the contrary, and deemed it more likely that the naturally inactive though brave Ignatius, would have been saved by the arm of Roger. The contrary however happened ; and the elder brother, who had hitherto evinced but a passive sort of satisfaction with the trade of warfare, felt fresh ardour breathed into him by the feat which he had achieved, and the renown which thence accrued to him.

In despite of individual prowess and success,

the war was not the less attended with disaster and defeat to the Irish. Their monarch abandoned them, and fled to France; bequeathing contempt, not thanks, to his subjects, who had perilled life and fortune in his behalf. The remains of the army, amongst the rest the O'Mahons, shut themselves up in Limerick, which was besieged by one of King William's lieutenants, and defended with a skill and zeal, that showed how far the defeat of the Boyne was owing to the monarch who commanded, how far to the courage of the soldiery. The garrison at length capitulated, on honourable and advantageous terms. By them, Ignatius O'Mahon, as one of the garrison, had Corramahon restored to him, and found himself freed from all hostile claim or prosecution,—a stipulation, which, no more than the general and national one sworn to at Limerick, did he find fulfilled to the letter. Like his countrymen and fellow religionists, however, he bore up, as best he might, beneath the evil day; and hoped for fairer ones in the future for himself or his descendants. The younger brother, Roger

O'Mahon, took advantage of another article of the treaty, by which all those Irish officers, who so preferred, were to be transported to France. Ignatius in vain endeavoured to dissuade him.

“Is not Corramahon,” said he, “still large enough for us both?”

“Truly it may be, brother ; and for the fair Deborah Dillon, not the least lovely of the most lovely women in the world, the lasses of Lime-
rick ; for she, Ignatius, will ere long be the dame of Corramahon.”

“If it be not so, it shall not be my fault, Roger. But surely you do not esteem Corramahon, a poor burgess's house, where the number at the board is daily counted ; and couches made, and food prepared, as for a Dutch troop's mess.”

“I would it were so, Ignatius ; land and lord would thrive the better for it.”

“But I tell you it is not, and shall never be the case. Live with us by the old hearth, Roger. Your heart will sink in a land of strangers.”

“At home would rot in idleness, and in remorse for the same; unless the heavy hand of the oppressor came to make it rankle, and then—worse might follow.”

“Nay, what can be fairer than the conditions of the treaty?”

“The Hollanders make, the Inglisher will break.”

“Then stay to draw the sword for our right.”

“I will go where I may learn to draw it skilfully. Our Rapparee school of warfare does not suit me. Besides, Ignatius, Sarsfield goes.”

“You love him, then, better than your brother.”

“Let us not be downright lovers, Ignatius, one of the other. You have to take the oath of allegiance to the Prince of Orange. Corramahon is worth the sacrifice, sadly as it would stick in my throat; but for mere liberty to live beneath a Dutchman’s rule, it is too much. One of us must suffice to keep the old lands for better times. I will to France, Ignatius.”

Roger O’Mahon kept his resolution, and ac-

compained Sarsfield, Lord Lucan, the general whom he had served under, to France. There, through the recommendation of King James himself, young O'Mahon received a commission in the royal guard of Lewis. In this capacity he fought all those campaigns and battles in Flanders, Blenheim and Ramilies included, which threatened to be so fatal to the French monarchy—if it had not been ever the fortune of that kingdom to rise to more might after defeat than after conquest. If any be amazed at the assertion, let them recollect that the consequence of our victory at Azincourt was the loss of all English possessions in France, save Calais; that the victories of Blenheim and Ramilies led to the disgraceful Peace of Utrecht; and that those of Spain and Waterloo have left a weight on England, that renders her incapable of war, whilst to the defeated country their reverses restored peace, liberty, overflowing coffers, and a regenerated army.

As soon as war had ceased, a longing to revisit his country and kinsmen seized upon Roger O'Mahon, who had by that time reached the

rank of Major, or *Chef de Bataillon*, in the French service. Whether he should altogether abandon that service, and settle in his native land, was a point which O'Mahon had not resolved. Like a wise old campaigner, he determined to reconnoitre the ground once more, ere he pitched his tent there; and, in case of preferring his adopted to his native country, his plan was to resume the sword and service of the most Christian King.

The return of his brother had determined Ignatius to forego his *coshering*, and to quit his tenant's humble, though joyous abode; and accordingly the family were, by the next morning, established at Corramahon. There her uncle beheld Rachel in waking beauty; and her glad welcome and vivacious mirth, took off the gloom which Roger in part experienced at finding the home of the O'Mahons more lonely than he had expected.

It was a wet November day, the brothers were confined by necessity as well as by inclination to each other's company, and to the fire-side. Rachel, accustomed to take her

range, to wander and carol, like a bird of the brake, was as unprepared for a rainy day, and as impatient under the privation, as a wild, uneducated, spoiled child could be. The spirits of her father were low, owing, no doubt, to the over-excitement of the preceding night; and he in consequence shrunk from the discussion of old topics, and from giving the information respecting the fortunes of the family which Roger's inquiries aimed at. He groaned and fidgeted, and was unhappy.

"Poor Deborah!" said Roger; "I hoped to have seen my sister." Ignatius took a large pinch of snuff. "And little Garret, whom I have never yet seen—where is he, Ignatius?"

The Aireach put his crutch under his arm as if he would rise and begone; he, however, sate still, and applied its point to the fire, which no wise needed stirring, in some vexation.

"Where is he, brother?"

"He is—the sorrow a know know I, Roger, more than yourself, and I care less—but that usquebaugh of Dan Mulligan's is killing stuff. Dan's a hearty man at his own chimney corner

—no *bodough* like him on Corramahon. Do you remember him, Roger?”

“How should I have such a memory, Ignatius, when your’s seems to have lost sight of your own son?”

“Ho, ho, ha, ha, ho!” laughed out the Aireach, bitterly, with a kind of mirth that made Rachel flee to the farthest corner of the apartment, whilst even Roger look amazed. “I forget him! No; he has given me deep reason to remember him! Lose sight of him, said ye? Oh, that I could! for it makes my old heart sick to curse him.”

His veins swelled, his face purpled, as Ignatius O’Mahon spoke; and his hand grasped the crutch it held, while its trembling denoted at once its feebleness and rage.

“Brother! Ignatius!” cried Roger, rising; but Rachel at the instant stepped to her uncle’s side, and whispered to him, in a mingled tone of terror, pity, and petulance, “Uncle, how could you think of stirring father about Garret before his dinner?”

Roger looked at his niece and paused.

“There now, uncle, play a game of tric-trac with father. Weary on the rain ! it leaves one nothing to do but scold and quarrel ; and I have worried Shulah, till I ’m afraid of her. Come, let me see if I can do any thing with you.”

And she caught up a little wire-strung harp, which lay neglected in a corner, touched its strings, and under the pretence of putting it in order, she played snatches of some old Irish airs, which soothed away all the irritation of the Aireach. At every pause of her music, Rachel scolded the strings for twanging out of tune, or apostrophised her harp, that the pathos of the air might, from being thus interrupted, soothe her father’s irritation without affecting him with sadness. The girl had nicely studied her father’s temper, and as her whole occupation hitherto had been to please and rule him, she had, aided by the penetration of her sex, arrived at perfection in this. At the present she had another motive in making a display of the ways

of petulance and freedom, in which the Aireach was in the habit of indulging her : this was to acquaint her uncle, the new inmate of Corramahon, of the influence and state of liberty she enjoyed, and to accustom him early to those wilful and capricious humours of hers, which she already began to fear the grave and courteous soldier would be inclined neither to favour nor tolerate.

As Ignatius recovered himself, he smiled, and pointed towards his daughter, mutely expressing to his brother how lovely, how lively, how peerless she was. But the gallant *Chef* could but partially admire what he witnessed, and although he obeyed her commands, in arraying the table for tric-trac, he never executed the orders of a rude superior officer with a greater inclination to mutiny.

The forenoon was soon killed. Dinner, that dispeller of spleen, and allayer of nervousness, that greatest of all blessings to the idle, came to the Aireach's relief : and soon after it, the brothers found themselves together ; Ignatius

no longer in that morbid humour, which rendered any allusion to his domestic sorrows a trouble unendurable.

“ Now, Roger,” commenced he, “ that I am sorrow-proof, and can set dull care at defiance, you shall have your questions answered respecting Garret, and the sooner, in truth, that I satisfy your curiosity the better ; for the generous liquor that affords me present equanimity will soon destroy it also, at least unfit me for such a subject of conversation.

“ Why permit it ? Why not resign the cup to the beaufet, as soon as the point of equanimity be reached ?”

“ Have you ever been in love, brother ?” said Ignatius.

The *Chef* blushed at the insinuation, for a reason of which the reader shall hereafter be made aware.

“ You at least have been in action,” continued the Aireach. “ Now, in the heat of combat, when you saw the enemy routed, and knew that rash pursuit would but endanger

you, without improving conquest, could you even then restrain your speed, or rein up in the moment of elation?"

"You would not compare the debauch of liquor with the glories of war?"

"Poets have, uncle," said the vivacious Rachel.

"Well said, my girl, and in good time, for Roger had almost posed me."

"And of such are your studies, Miss Rachel?"

"Any book I can lay hold upon, uncle, from the great Cyrus there, that rivals the Family Bible at Palestine, down to the last ballad that Shawn Goss, the pedlar, brings down the country."

"What utter, what dangerous neglect!" exclaimed the *Chef*; "you know not, Ignatius, what pernicious thoughts and principles Rachel may glean in this way."

The girl smiled, and her father shrugged his shoulders at the Mentor, who seemed, as he proceeded, to be most likely to make himself unwelcome. But the rigid soldier was not to be deterred by even this fear.

“ Who has been the girl’s instructor, her spiritual guide? Surely the priest of this neighbourhood does not neglect his duty?”

“ The priest of this neighbourhood !” said Ignatius, with a smile. “ Do you forget the land and the law? Poor Father Patricius, who doth dare at times to celebrate mass by stealth in this house, and to perform, as opportunity allows, the duty of his ministry for the population round, has too much both of his thoughts and time occupied in preserving his neck from the halter, his poor person from martyrdom, to allow of his looking to the education of our children.”

“ Another of the precious effects of tyranny and intolerance. Our sons and daughters must remain without morals or education, in order that the King of England may be called the Head of the Church.”

“ Worse, worse !” cried Ignatius; “ they must be taught ingratitude, and bribed to brave a parent’s curse. ’Tis true, what you say, Roger. Since we have been deprived of our

priesthood, the morals of our youth have suffered ; none have been left to keep them in the steadiness of their faith, and our oppressors have too well succeeded in making the rising generation recreant and worthless. The proselytes are worthy of the proselytism."

" How !" said Roger, " surely Garret O'Mahon has not forsworn the creed of his fathers ?"

" He hath !"

" The beardless boy !—he !—what could have influenced him ?"

" It was weakness, 'twas folly in me," said the Aireach ; " but thou knowest, Roger, my easy and forgiving temper."

" Ay, Ignatius, passing well."

" I allowed my son to mingle with those Burtons, the hereditary foes and spoilers of my family."

" In that thou didst show but little pride, Ignatius."

" Still less prudence, which is more material. Their fashions, their jargon, and their ways, laid hold on the empty mind of my son. He

followed their sport, joined in their pastimes, and preferred the taste and glitter of the adventurer's hell to the more homely and honest conviviality of Corramahon."

"I hope he had no just cause of preference," was on the *Chef's* tongue; but he felt that it would give too much pain, and repressed it accordingly.

"There did he learn to mock at holy things, and to take impiety for wit. There—there in short, Roger, he learned, that the English law allowed him, by declaring himself of the English religion, not only to render me but a life-proprietor of my lands, but to transfer at once one-third of their revenue into his own hands. One-third, Roger, of the poor third of the O'Mahon property, torn from a father, and for the prodigality of a boy!—is that enough to embitter a man's old age?"

The Aireach quaffed a cup to allay the spleen he had been stirring. And Roger was so deeply struck with the enormity of his nephew's crime, that he was not able to utter a word, either in remark or consolation.

After some time passed by the brothers in silent and painful thoughts, a noble greyhound bounded across the court, bespeaking the appearance of a visitor.

“Whom are we about to have here?” quoth the *Chef*.

“Who comes, Rachel?” said the girl’s father, gathering spirits at the prospect of a new face.

“It is Amyas Burton,” replied she; “or, at the least, his dog.”

“Burton!” exclaimed the *Chef*; “a Burton enter here, after what I have just heard?”

Both the Aireach and Rachel blushed, the former muttering in excuse, “Tis but a nephew of the Knight of Palestine, a gentle and more worthy scion, a—”

“’Sdeath! brother, your forbearance is that of a saint. Will you take, in lieu of your son, one of his slayers? for they have worse than slain him.”

“Nay, not Amyas, the gentle Amyas, whom, but that I would not wrong the mother

that bore him, I should suspect to be as little Burton in blood as he is in heart."

The indignation on one side and excuses on the other were interrupted by the entrance of Amyas Burton, who was cordially welcomed by the Aireach, and saluted in cold and haughty politeness by Chef Roger. Rachel, whether won over by her uncle's proud and resentful feeling, or from some other cause, did not extend to Amyas the glad smile with which he was wont to be received.

"Welcome, Amyas, my man!" cried Ignatius; "let us introduce you to our brother, of whom you have heard us speak." Burton rose to greet the *Chef* with warmth, but the veteran's unmoved posture deterred the advance, and called back the blush that was subsiding on the youth's cheek. "But Amyas, you have braved the elements to visit us; you are dripping wet."

"Merely a shower, Mr. O'Mahon," replied the youth, who did not wish to avow such extreme anxiety to visit Corramahon, as that

which really caused him to defy rain or storm ;
“ it promised to be fair weather when I
quitted Palestine.”

“ I have not seen a glimpse of sunshine to-day,” said Roger.

“ But if you observed the east,” muttered Amyas, continuing his lame excuse.

“ You are the more welcome, my boy,” interrupted the Aireach. “ And as to your wet jacket, here is a sovereign antidote. Swallow it, you dog : do you make wry faces at usquebaugh, as if it were medicine ?”

“ I take it,” said Amyas, “ as a cup of parting, as well as one of welcome ; for I must begone.”

“ How now, youngster ! This seems a visit of stealth, from your hurry. Doth the Knight of Palestine frown on your coming hither ? Truly, when I overlook in your favour the hatred that I justly bear your name, he—”

“ Nay,” said the youth, “ Sir Christopher cares not a rush whither his nephew, Amyas, hies ; or on whom or what he bestows his time and friendship.”

“Then what has frightened you, man? You shall not drink, by Saint Patrick, more than will serve thee in lieu of beard, and cure that intolerable trick of blushing, which shows the washy blood of the Saxon in thee. Has Rachel, or,—bones of my sire, that is it!—Chef Roger’s grim and precise looks frightened thee? Heed him not, Amyas. I have been just now informing him of the defection of thy old playmate, Garret, and how much I am indebted for that sting to thine uncle and cousin. Roger is an honest soldier, Amyas, and hates thee for thy name. Hath he not reason?”

“Major O’Mahon is the best judge of that,” replied Amyas.

“And I say you nay, young master,” said the Aireach. “Bones of my sire! am I not chief of my sept, and the supreme judge of the feuds it is to keep? Roger, obey me, and touch the hand of the youth in amity.”

The *Chef*’s old recollections and reverence of the authority of the O’Mahons, joined with habits of discipline, led him to submit to the half serious, half jocose command of Ignatius.

“ And you too, Rachel, with your little brow puckered to a frown, what reason hast thou to hold quarrel with Amyas ?”

“ No one, father. I will shake hands with all Palestine at your bidding.”

“ Go to, you jade ! I do not bid you. Do you rank your friend Amyas with the old whig, Sir Christopher, or his persecuting son Christopher the Second, who has his buck-hounds to pursue deer, and his blood-hounds to track papists, as he boasts——”

“ Respected Sir,” interrupted Amyas, “ remember——”

“ Or with that haughty damsel, Anastasia, who thinks an O’Mahon but fit to hold her stirrup?”

“ Nay, that is a foul and a false report, Aireach,” said Amyas. “ I have heard it. If Garret ever did so for Anastasia, ’twas from gallantry.”

“ How came it to be his duty to be gallant towards a Burton, Sir ?” asked Ignatius, irefully.

“It is the duty of every gentle born,” replied Amyas.

“How came Garret O’Mahon to know, and to be in the way of rendering homage to Anastasia Burton?” asked Roger.

“*Mea Culpa!* ’twas my fault, mine own!” cried Ignatius, smiting his breast, and acknowledging his brother’s reproach.

“In truth, father,” said Rachel, “you wrong Anastasia. Her pride, if she be proud, does not arise from birth, or the consciousness of it. She has ever declared to me, when we were friends, that she envied the ancient root we have in the land, and the honour derived from it, while she regretted the diminution of our splendour, even though herself had profited by it.”

“A considerate damsel, and a rational,” observed Roger; “thou, too, Miss Rachel, a simple one to listen to the taunt in tranquillity.”

“Uncle, uncle, you come from the camp and the guard-room, and judge of ladies’ bowers and ladies’ converse from the defiant and despicable tone of those places.”

“Pride she hath for certain,” said Ignatius, “be it of what kind, or come it of what cause, you will.”

“It is but the habitual tone and bearing of those ranks with which she mingles,” said Rachel; “and, like her coif or mantle, is one of the supports and appendages of her dignity.”

“Commend me then to the Lady Anastasia,” said the courtly Roger. “Rachel might profit by the example——”

“As Garret hath done, I hope,” said Ignatius.

“And learn the manners of the world, in which she may be called to mingle. I would that I saw in her, Ignatius, more *retenue*, more dignity, more of the pride, in short, which offends you, in the Knight Burton’s daughter.”

“May not a lady,” said Amyas, “be too proud to seem so; and as those of birth and wealth do still go simplest clad, and do not wear their jewels on every vulgar occasion, may she not reserve her pride the purer without bearing it each hour upon her brow?”

Roger looked contemptuous at the youth's somewhat laboured and confused pleading, which his warmth and love of Rachel still bore him blushing through.

"Uncle Roger," said Rachel, "I will not be drilled, nor walk a female *mousquetaire*, as you describe those beings; no, not to be free of the court of Versailles. The world makes no count of the daughter of O'Mahon; and I, in turn, make little count of it. The fields and flowers, Corramahon, my father, and you, if you will, uncle, shall be my world. And as to pride, we will have none, save what we have in each other."

"Well said," my girl, cried the delighted Ignatius. "No pride will we have, save what we have in each other. I will forgive Anastasia, and even think kindly of a second Burton for thy little sake."

"Be it not for my sake, first or second," said Rachel; "if I cannot hate all Palestine, and anathematize every Burton of it, like uncle, I can be all as indifferent to them, which, methinks, is pride enough."

Roger had no reply to offer to the petulant damsel, whose remarks, while they piqued her uncle, cut severely the heart of Amyas Burton. The youth drew his breath hard an instant, and quelled with difficulty the pang of sorrow that rose even in his throat. He cast around a few uneasy and preparatory glances, muttered some hurried excuses, and took his departure abruptly, ere the Aireach was aware of his purpose, or had time to obstruct it.

“ Oh ! woman, false and deceitful woman,” burst forth Amyas Burton, as soon as he had gained the open heath, which he brushed with furious step :—“ false and fickle sex ! how often have I read, how often heard, that ye were so, yet would not believe, till now that I have had the bitter proof. I will be avenged,—no—I will forget—I will fly the country and take foreign service ; alas ! all war hath ceased, and the unhappy have no refuge. Were there but a career open, I would reach the summit, ay, by Heaven ! would scale it, though it were as steep as—— ; then she might regret having despised me. But why is this ? Oh ! ’tis

plain, I am the lack-land, dependent Amyas, without a groat beyond my uncle's smile. True,—she is right. My hope was presumptuous; its overthrow was justice."

Such was the tenor of the youth's soliloquy, in which he not a little wronged both Rachel and her sire. Amyas, in fact, had been the old play-mate and friend of Rachel. They had met as children, and grown up together in amity, the more undisturbed as Sir Christopher Burton took little cognizance of the ways of his nephew, provided he performed the charitable duty of nourishing the only offspring of a brother, slain unfortunately in foreign wars. Garret O'Mahon too, the since apostate son of the Aireach, had also been the comrade and friend of Amyas, who, tyrannized over by the knight's son, his cousin Christopher, was in the habit of fleeing to Corramahon for more equal and cordial companionship.

Hence arose the childish, and subsequently the youthful intimacy betwixt Amyas and Rachel. In her the growth of years would have alone created no change in the sentiments

of this intimacy : the same infantine and pure attachment would have strengthened, without receiving a tinge from love. Amyas, a gentle, timid, susceptible, and pensive youth, was not of a character calculated to excite in the lively Rachel's breast those full feelings, that ever lie dormant till their destined object appears. This apathy, however, was neither seen nor shared by Amyas. He was one of those beings, whose imaginations ever unfortunately anticipate the happinesses of life. His dreams forewent reality by a prodigious space of time ; and even whilst yet within the verge of boyhood, his heretofore childish affection for his playmate deepened into the enthusiastic and the manly. Nor long did these new feelings of his remain secret from Rachel. He became more sensitive, sad, mysterious. Words came at length, unmeaning words, but still they conveyed a language, that the girl was apt to comprehend.

“ There are a great many people in the world who would never have been in love, if they had never heard talk of it,” said

the apophthegmatist ; of which it is at least certain, that there are a great many talked into the feeling unwittingly and prematurely. So was it with Rachel. She had heard from her very nurse, that the day must necessarily come when she should plight her troth to some interesting youth. Whom could she ever love more than Amyas ? and yet she marked his coming and his parting without a single flutter of the heart. At seventeen too it was time—menials told her so at least, if her heart did not. In trembling ardour Amyas at length declared his passion, and without agitation or denial Rachel allowed her hand to rest between his.

Two years had rolled on since that time, and Amyas was still the same, haunting Corramahon in despite of the feud which Garret's defection had occasioned betwixt the house of the O'Mahons and that of Palestine,—his dreams made up of Rachel, and these so constant, that his heart sickened with the fulness of visionary joy. To Rachel, in the meantime, those years had revealed another secret,

that there was a mightier feeling to be awakened in her breast than that, so idly mistaken for love, which had deceived her into listening patiently to Amyas Burton. In that time, her experience, her ideas, had expanded;—she could see, how little prized, how meanly ranked in the world would be such a character as that of Amyas—how little formed too was such to command the admiration of a spirit like hers, or to be to her the source of that pride which, perhaps, is the surest source and best guarantee of woman's affection.

Moreover—and the information not a little resembles that generally conveyed in a ladies' postscript—Rachel O'Mahon had, in that period, beheld one, nay, had received homage from him not to be mistaken, who answered all the cravings of her now awakened fancy, as fully as poor Amyas disappointed them. This new hero was a soldier, bearded, with as much boldness as gentleness in his tone, not provincially bred, wearing the air of fashion naturally, and speaking its jargon to perfection—in short, an accomplished man of the world.

The sincerity, or seriousness, with which such a man might be supposed to pay his attentions to a rustic maiden, never attracted the suspicions of Rachel, who added no small portion of pride to the pardonable vanity of her sex. Indeed, as the daughter of O'Mahon, she deemed herself as secure from being trifled with, or from any open insult, as the Princess of a reigning house.

The personage who had thus fascinated the young maiden's imagination, and who in turn had been much struck with the daughter of Corramahon, was no other than Major Wil-
lomer, the self-constituted friend and fellow-traveller of her uncle Roger. The Major had, in fact, attached himself to Garret, whom he met by chance in Dublin, as the best means of introducing him at Corramahon, which he wished to enter without betraying a suspicion that he was attracted thither by the beauty of its young inmate. Having seen, however, that Garret, an outcast from his paternal home, was not likely to serve his purposes, he seized the

opportunity of fastening upon the youth's uncle, in the manner heretofore related.

Why Willomer felt a necessity for this manœuvring—what his intentions were, in short—will perhaps appear in a subsequent Chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

A LITTLE time had domesticated Roger at Corramahon; had shown him fully all the changes, he durst not say improvements, which had taken place in the old mansion and its immediate vicinity, as well as in the character and person of his brother. He had visited most of his old haunts, inquired after his old acquaintances, receiving not always the most satisfactory accounts of them. In short, his curiosity, like a glutton, begun to expire of repletion; and the feeling of strangeness and novelty, that best antidote, short of occupation, to ennui, wore for him gradually away.

With the purpose of enjoying yet a little more of the said feeling, so doubly delightful when enhanced by old recollections, Chef

O'Mahon bestrode once more his good steed, Saint Gris, and retraced by daylight the way which in dim twilight had proved fatal to the knees of the old charger. The fallen trunk lay indeed still unremoved from the path, and called forth fresh exclamations from Roger, upon the imperturbable supineness of his brother.

The sight of the mansion and domain of Sir Christopher Burton, both bespeaking the active care and prosperity of their owner, were not calculated to remove this dissatisfaction from the mind of the *Chef*; and it was not with his wonted placidity of temper and benevolent feelings towards his fellows that he entered the streets of Catherlogh. There, too, time had been busy in his absence, had razed many a known and friendly habitation, displaced many a familiar sign, and had either so furrowed or annihilated all anciently-known and friendly countenances, that the *Chef* wended on his way neither giving nor receiving salutation.

“ See, Morley, my boy, what a steed is there !

a very charger,—fit for Deloraine, ay, or Cadogan's self, by —! What a pace! what action! Carlow never bred or broke such an animal." Such were the observations which a sight of Roger O'Mahon's charger produced from young Kit Burton, the son of the Knight of Palestine, as that youth stood amongst a group of officers and provincial *bloods* at the corner of one of Carlow streets.

"He's of the true French *manege*," said Morley; for the *Chef*, ill brooking the gaze and remarks of the impertinent group, and at the same time resolved to show to the English dragoon officers such skill and training as they knew not of, put Saint Gris through the seven artificial motions of horsemanship, and certainly succeeded in his object both of astonishing and piquing them.

"Who can the old *put* be? He is not of these parts: both his wig and his steed bespeak so. If he be not a Frenchman born, my name's not Tom Morley."

"Frenchman," said Kit, "and Papist. I'll

write to Lord Shrewsbury this night of his appearance. He must be an emissary of the Jacobites."

"And much notice the timid, trimming Lord Lieutenant will take of thy denunciation, Kit."

"Zounds! but he shall though; or we'll set the bull-dogs of the Corporation at him."

"But, Kit, instead of this fellow's being a Frenchman," quoth another, "what is to prevent him from being a *wild goose*, one of the Jacobites which we transported from Limerick; and that this damned peace is pouring back upon us? I heard of one just returned, and a neighbour of your's too, a brother of Natus O'Mahon."

"Gad's my life, Ned, you have it!" said Kit Burton. "'Tis he; that brat of a cousin of mine, Amyas, told us of him; he hath a O'Mahon look; there's no doubt on it. And now thank him for his Papistry, for his good steed's mine."

"And I, who put you on the right scent—"

"Shall share, Ned; fear not. And now, begone you to little 'torney M'Crosky; he is the

sharpest terrier that ever worried Papist, and I trust his breed will never be lost to the country. Tell him the whom, the what, and the how ; and as to where, the little bridge will be the best place for his ambuscade. Come, my merry lads, if we have not country sport, i'faith we shall have town sport !”

“ Now, where can be that damned fellow, Willomer ?” said Morley ; “ he would enjoy this.”

“ He has ridden somewhere,” said young Burton, “ with my father, and Anastasia.”

The *Chef* in the meantime rode on, unconscious of the conspiracy against him and Saint Gris, directing his course towards the river Barrow, and over it by a bridge, at that time of wood, which led to Graigue, as was, and is still called a considerable suburb of Catherlogh.

Here at least Roger felt that he had not out-lived the scene's identity. The noble river, not then cramped and dammed, as the half of it has since been, to make it serve the purposes of a canal, rolled along its wide and rapid stream.

Above it towered the ancient castle, one of King John's erections, and, even in the author's remembrance, the noblest feudal relic in Ireland. Its ivy-mantled towers were familiar to my boyhood, as a century previous they had been to that of Roger O'Mahon; and as visions and reveries must always have a centre of reality, about which they love to play in ideal circuit, so were those old towers to him, as to myself, the point from which sprung, and in which centered a thousand scenes of martial and chivalrous life, of tyrants, cruelty, beleaguering and vindictive foes. The solitary mound on which the ruins rose, undebased by the contiguity of modern dwellings, made it more apt as the scite or object of contemplations; and no intruder profaned its gloomy precincts, save those who came with worthy and congenial feelings, as was evinced by their adventurous clambering up the ruined stairs, and by their daring to pause upon its lofty and tottering battlements. The old walls spoke and breathed of hardihood.

Such were the feelings which at that time

Roger O'Mahon half experienced, half recalled. He thought of his early enthusiasm, his ardour, his hopes. Had they been realized? They had, though in the shrunk littleness of real perspective, not in the exaggerated promise of the ideal. The soldier sighed, yet was contented. His personal fate might afford him whereupon to moralize, but not to complain. His country, however,—a term by which was meant himself and his fellow-religionists,—gave ample subject for dissatisfaction, spleen, for sadness, or for anger, according as the state of the spirits prompted either mood. There ever exists a master-train of thought, to which all others, especially if they cause or partake of emotion, tend and merge. A sense of his country's wrongs was the master-train of Chef O'Mahon's ideas; as indeed such must still be and have long been of every generous Irish-born. The sight of that scene, which had most struck him in youth, of that which might be called his native stream, of those towers familiar to his boyhood, excited first the *Chef's* imagination, and through that his feelings.

“Green Erin, my country!” said Roger O’Mahon;—but I must spare the reader his soliloquy, since so universally wretched at once is the fate of her people, so lukewarm our sympathies, and palsied our spirit and our taste, that of all uttered bursts of passion, the lament of the patriot hath come to seem the most dull and common-place.

The first chance words of his soliloquy may, however, indicate the feelings with which the *Chef* retraced his route. He crossed the Barrow, and traversed Catherlogh streets homeward, lamenting inwardly the falling state of the land, and the intolerant spirit of her rulers, little foreseeing, at the same time, any immediate manifestation of the said spirit towards his humble self. As in this mood he was proceeding to cross a narrow bridge over some little stream auxiliary to the Barrow, which formed part of the principal street of the town, Chef O’Mahon was summoned abruptly to stand, the interrupter at the same time not trusting to his verbal summons, but laying hold upon the horse’s rein. A country attorney, or to be

more particular, an Irish country attorney, some hundred years back, may be imagined, without a portraiture of his mean expression of feature and accordant costume. Master 'Torney M'Crosky was the summoner, and he was backed by several of the inferior officers of the municipality, whose assistance the unworthy son of law had invoked. Ensconced at some distance, or seeming to saunter near, without any knowledge of what was going forward, were Kit Burton and his companions, ready to enjoy the *levant*, as they called it, which they were about to throw upon the *wild-goose prig*, and to admire the impudent dexterity of little M'Crosky.

With one hand upon the rein of Roger O'Mahon's steed, Mr. M'Crosky held forth in his other, money to the amount of five pounds, which he proffered, saying—

“ Sir Papist, be it said in all respect, I offer you five pounds for your horse.”

Like many an irascible character, the *Chef* was astonished into calmness ; his wonder anticipated his rage, and kept it down.

“Kind Sir,” replied he, “fifty *louis d’ors* should not purchase him—loose the rein, or, *Ventre Saint Gris!*”—at which latter words the steed reared, and lifted Master Crosky, for, like a true bull-dog, he kept his hold, in air.

“You’re a Papist, Mr. O’Mahon—dare you deny it?” cried the Attorney.

“Dare I? Do I? What O’Mahon would deny the faith of his sires?”

“A keener than thou. You have heard him own himself a Papist,” cried M’Crosky, turning to the constables. “Mr. O’Mahon, I fear you are not learned in the law; but so far as this I can inform you, that by the third Act of the seventh of the great and glorious King William, Papists are disqualified from keeping a horse of above the value of five pounds; and that, by the said Act, any one of her Majesty’s subjects, aided by constable, may make seizure of any horse of or belonging to Papist, at the same time making tender of five guineas. There is the money.”

For answer, Roger O’Mahon pressed his steed’s right side with his spur, and Saint Gris forth-

with obeyed the hint by taking a volt, which laid M'Crosky flat in the mire, and then returning to his original position with retro-bound, discomfited in a similar manner the constables, hurrying to the attorney's relief. Having thus liberated himself and steed, the *Chef* cantered leisurely on, seeking to avoid the appearance of flight, and from that reason as much as from any other he appealed, in passing, to Kit Burton and Morley, whom he took for chance witnesses of what had taken place, whether the outrage was not as punishable as it had been gross.

These young sparks had enjoyed M'Crosky's discomfiture not the less for his having been their instrument, and notwithstanding their designs, they thought fit to be most polite towards the cavalier, assuring him, however, in answer to his inquiries, that the act in question, which the *Chef* could not believe to exist in any code save an Attorney's brain, was as *bonâ-fide* a statute as any that ever disgraced English records. Ere Roger O'Mahon had time to reply, the attorney and his coadjutors, more angered

than awed, and indeed only seeking some bodily harm at the Papist's hands, in order to entangle and implicate him the more, rushed again upon Saint Gris.

The affair was now likely to terminate fatally M'Crosky being determined on capturing the animal, and O'Mahon, having utterly lost patience, when, fortunately for all parties, the Knight of Palestine rode up, accompanied by the O'Mahon's acquaintance, Major Willomer. The Knight's daughter, Anastasia Burton, was also of the party; but she had reined back her steed at the sight of the conflict.

"How is this? Hold! in the Queen's name," cried Sir Christopher, riding betwixt the combatants, and putting a stop to the strife.

"Please your Knighthood's honour," cried M'Crosky, "I have made legal tender of five pounds, according to Act Third, of Seventh William and Mary, for this Papist's horse, and he recuses, nay, has laid hands upon me——"

"Hoofs, Sirrah!" interrupted the *Chef*, "it was my steed dealt with you. My hands are, as yet, uncontaminated by thy touch."

“How is this, M'Crosky?” said Sir Christopher, approaching the Attorney, while Major Willomer greeted Roger O'Mahon. “Who hath set you on to enforce this law?”

M'Crosky sought to take all the credit of his zeal, or at least to turn it to better advantage, than by owning young Kit Burton as his instigator, which he had been strictly forbidden to confess in any event. Accordingly, he muttered beneath his breath to the Knight, “It's one of the O'Mahons o' Corramahon, I tell your honour, the sworn enemy of your house, and a papist, and a Jacobite, and a wild goose, and a Frenchman;” each item of the attorney's climax was accompanied with a dire stroke of his arm in air.

“What, he that was a French guardsman?”

“The self-same chap.”

“I am glad on it, on my soul,” said the Knight; “a soldier that hath seen the world must be the best peace-maker, and I am sick of my petty feuds with these people.”

“But this fellow is one of pith, active, stirring; knows how to command, and who, if he

once lay hold upon his nephew, Garret, would frighten the youth back to papistry, and then, *that*, Sir Christopher," quoth the attorney, winking significantly, as he snapped his crooked thumb against his forefinger, "for your chance of uniting the old estate, and joining Corramahon bawn to Palestine park."

"Out on thee, reptile!" said the Knight, raising his whip: "dare you to charge me with unworthy motives?"

"Arrah, then is it me, your honour," said torney M'Crosky, in that indescribable tone which no one, without having visited Paddy's land, can go nigh to imagine. It was like the independent growl of a cur changed suddenly to a repentant whine, upon seeing that the person whom he had dared to salute as an intruder was no other than his master. "Is it Dennis M'Crosky would insinuate the laste thing in life to your honour, barring a bit of advice?"

"Thou art a ——"

"If your honour chooses to take the Papist's part, sure I'm dumb, and he's free to ride

Catherlogh streets as Master Kit himself. Only I got a knock, a smart knock on the temple, and from a papist; your honour knows how much that 'ud be worth to me afore an Orange jury."

"Prosecute, if you dare, fellow: and send my papers by the same hour to Palestine."

"I lick the dust of your knightly boot," replied M'Crosky. "I have but one fault," continued the rogue, with a most penitent countenance; "I spake up and out at all times, though I do it to anger my best friend."

"Keep at arm's length, sir;" said the Knight in disgust, as the fawning pettifogger laid his hand, in what he thought a coaxing way, upon the mane of Sir Christopher's horse; "no seizure here neither."

"Ye're over wicked with a poor creature this morning, Sir Kit, while you go to shake hands and make hail-fellow with a Papist. But, mark me! let this blow over, and when ye fall out, which, plase God, you will by and by, for I can smell a good feud a long way off—"

"I'll be sworn, thou art the hound for 't."

“ Then we’ll hold this little affair over the — Papist’s head, and if it have not the weight of a mill-stone to crush, never did I finger parchment.”

“ Sir Christopher Burton, you must know my valiant friend and companion, *Chef de Brigade* O’Mahon,” said Major Willomer, following up his words with a formal introduction.

“ Hold, my good friend,” said the *Chef*, “ I am sufficiently known to the knight-magistrate as a culprit, found guilty of riding a respectably good horse. May I ask of you, Sir Burton, if this scurvy fellow hath law to back his injustice? Is it true, that an *Irish* gentleman may no more bestride a steed than he can wear a sword ?”

“ Why, Mr. O’Mahon, the statute is precise, and saith so. But your horse, despite his good paces and position, cannot be above the standard.” The Knight here made a significant sign to the *Chef*. “ And see, his knee is broken ; ’tis but an old worn charger, not worth five pounds, Master M’Crosky, and so not under the statute.”

The attorney did not exclaim, "a Daniel come to judgment!" but looked as if he could have quoted the line ironically.

The *Chef* was more enraged, however, at hearing his good steed undervalued, than pleased by the cunning judgment which preserved him from seizure. "Value a Norman war-horse at five guineas!" cried he, putting Saint Gris through some of his best motions; "'tis not the price of an Hanover rat. For the mere breed, he is worth fifty louis d'ors, *sacre-bleu*!"

"You hear, Mr. Attorney," cried the knight, "Major O'Mahon has imported this Norman horse for the breed, and he therefore is excepted from the statute you plead, by a late law of her gracious Majesty Queen Anne."*

"Characteristic enough of our legislation," said Major Willomer: "the love of horse-flesh

* Speaking of the Act, 8 Anne, Browne says, "the 34th clause of this act allows Papists to keep stallions and stud mares, and their breed under five years old, notwithstanding the prohibition of 7 W. III. C. 5."—Historical account of laws against the Catholics.

prevails even over the national hatred of Popery."

"Characteristic indeed," said O'Mahon, "when so iniquitous is the system of tyranny, that its very satellites cry *shame*, and are moved to extend justice, in the shape of generosity, to the oppressed."

Mr. M'Crosky and his constables here took their departure, somewhat crest-fallen; whilst the gentlemen, and Anastasia, who had joined them, continued their route towards Palestine, *Chef* O'Mahon still bearing company with the knight, repressing his hatred, muttering a few thanks, and meditating an opportune escape, which Willomer seemed determined and endeavouring to prevent.

"'Fore God!" quoth he, "there is at least some good to be extracted from these penal laws."

"Good!" rejoined *Chef* O'Mahon.

"Ay, good. Here have ye, Burtons and O'Mahons, been living in sullen and hostile neighbourhood, nursing wrath against each

other, and never meeting but to discharge a mutual defiance."

"Major Willomer, you are given to exaggeration. I own to none of these feelings," said the knight.

"Well, but the fact is so. And here now hath this M'Crosky, with his impudence and his old statute, given the knight the opportunity of displaying his conciliatory, friendly temper, leaving Chef O'Mahon's hatred not a leg to stand on."

"The knight did me but justice," said the *Chef*; "I would return him as much at any time."

"Nay, I am sure, Sir, you would even more," joined in the fair Anastasia Burton. "A soldier, just returned from the most civilized of nations and most refined of courts, cannot stoop to entertain the feuds of this barbarous country."

Roger, somewhat struck with the sense of the words, was more so by the feminine voice that uttered them, and to a still increased

degree, when he turned his eyes upon the speaker. Miss Burton was fair, tall evidently, and of handsome features, with an habitual expression of *hauteur*, which served considerably to increase the sweetness of her smile, when she wore such, as was the case in her addressing Chef O'Mahon. "She was mounted on a pad," as Isaac Bickerstaffe has described a lady of that time, "with a very well-fancied furniture."

To enter at once into her motives, it may be observed, that, like many young and older ladies of subsequent times, Anastasia looked in idea with a sort of adoration towards the Court of *Louis le Grand*, towards French politeness, French wit, French fashions, and the French *sçavoir vivre* in every department. Hence, no sooner did she learn from Amyas, that Roger O'Mahon, *Chef de Brigade* in the Guards of this great Monarch, had come to illumine Catherlogh with his presence, than a desire, more ardent than her already preexistent one, to put an end to the feud betwixt Corramahon and Palestine, seized upon her. She instructed Willomer with her whim, who was

not indisposed to second it, and both had so preached to the knight, naturally a worthy and blunt man, on the virtues of forbearance, forgiveness, generosity, and neighbourlihood, that instead of taking his creature, M'Crosky's part against the *Chef*, which under any other circumstances he most probably would, he turned cold upon the little attorney, and showed himself a generous cavalier, and perhaps a more than impartial magistrate.

Fortune favoured Anastasia, in at once gratifying her with the sight, and the chance of the acquaintance of the pre-admired *Chef de Brigade*, whom she longed so to know, so much to question, and to learn of. She was aware of how many obstacles were still to be overcome, but with a woman's intrepidity and powerful means in these matters, she set about overturning and removing them. Towards this the first sound of her dulcet voice went far, farther than all the arguments she had arranged.

O'Mahon's life had been spent chiefly in the

tented field, amidst jovial comrades, rather than with females of his rank; for his attendance on the court of his sovereign, a circumstance and an honour that so dazzled and attracted Miss Burton, was performed merely as a duty and a stern etiquette, that forbad his mingling or enjoying that high and exclusive society. Again, if not deemed equal to mingle there, O'Mahon was too proud to descend to *bourgeois* life; and at that period, down indeed to the Revolution, France in its metropolis possessed no medium betwixt those ranks. There was a gulph betwixt them—not as now, through all the more civilized nations of Europe, when the gradations of rank throng close upon one another, where the toe of the clown may be said to gall

“ The kibe of the courtier.”

O'Mahon was in consequence unused to female society, consequently more open and obnoxious to its blandishments; a weakness increased more than diminished by a quantum of years nearing, if not outstripping forty. Moreover, like

most bachelors, the *Chef* had had, what his kind acquaintances and friends, Ignatius amongst the rest, would winkingly allude to, as "an unfortunate attachment." But we have enumerated causes too many, and too powerful, to account for the simple fact of the *Chef's* being so ready to forget his hereditary and family hatred to the Burtons, at the first sound of a sweet and conciliating voice from one of the name.

"You would not surely esteem a just sense of injury barbarous, fair lady?" replied the *Chef*. "If I manifest it but thus in gentle argument, more being uncalled for, I trust in being held sufficiently courteous."

"Injury!" quoth Sir Christopher; "what call you injury? Doth mine consist in my grandsire's receiving the wages of his valour in the broad lands of yours? Would old Sir Christopher have served your race by abandoning his claims to the Chichesters, the Brodericks, or any other of the chief adventurers from the sister realm?"

“ Fairly pleaded, by St. George !” said Wil-
lomer: “ what was it but the *fortune de la*
guerre? Surely we men at arms,” continued
he, addressing the *Chef*, “ cannot find fault
with the disposition of our own goddess.”

Roger remained moody and musing, exerting
himself, as he thought it requisite and honour
able, to preserve his family hatred towards the
Burtons untainted.

“ Shall we hold you then for convinced ?”
said Anastasia.

“ The past might be forgotten,” said Roger,
“ as indeed, I understand, it had been at Cor-
ramahon.”

“ Truly so,” said Miss Burton ; “ and I have
never ceased to regret the days ; Rachel was
such a friend and companion, that these bar-
barous regions could scarcely be hoped to
afford. How you must regret Versailles ! Ma-
jor O’Mahon.”

“ I have cause truly ; not such causes as you
allude to and seem to complain of, lady—my
native soil can never seem too rude for me—but
such events as this day’s ride, for instance, has

produced. Much could be borne, but this downright, petty tyranny, this slavery in detail, this Helotism—”

“Nay, but with my father’s friendship.”

“Death of my life !” exclaimed the *Chef*, almost putting spurs to his steed ; “lady, I crave your pardon ; but I want no man’s friendship. Base is he, who would crave as a boon that he should grasp as his right.”

“Come, comrade,” said Willomer, “you but now said the past might be forgotten ; pray let it be so, in the name of good fellowship.”

“I was about to say that it might,” replied O’Mahon, “if the present had not come to grave its prints deeper.”

“Then, Sir, let us hear of the present,” quoth the Knight of Palestine. “You are as full of grievances, as a county member whose friends are out of place.”

“I do not comprehend your Parliament terms, Sir Christopher Burton,” said the *Chef*, drily. “I have known them but in acts that would disgrace the most absolute despot.”

“My simile was given in good humour ; take

it in good part, Major O'Mahon, and speak as to the present ; for I am urged to do my utmost to terminate our family differences. Garrett O'Mahon's recantation of Popery was that which produced the late breach, and it is that, no doubt, on which you ponder."

"The same."

"In attributing the circumstance to us, you are wrong, Sir—nay, you do us injustice, if you think we condescended to use even the gentlest persuasion. If example, and free discussion, and other reasons have wrought on him, your censure and dislike were more justly fixed elsewhere. We did not, and do not encourage him."

"He haunts your mansion, Sir Christopher."

"He is as welcome there, as his uncle or parent. What may be a crime towards you, is none towards me. I shall only provide that he shall not offend your sight, should you, as I hope, honour us with your company at Palestine."

"Now do !—"

Anastasia was proceeding with entreaty

when she was interrupted by the *Chef's* repeating,

“He haunts Palestine, and with views”—here the *Chef* felt awkward, and hesitating,—“views in short, Sir Christopher, that become him not, and which influenced his renegade act.”

“Views, indeed, that do not become him, perhaps,” replied the Knight, haughtily, whilst a blush overspread the cheek of Anastasia.

A long pause here ensued in the conversation, during which, the party having long cleared the outskirts of the town, were already approaching Palestine. When they reached its gateway, the Knight, assuming a cheerful aspect, repeated his invitation to Roger O'Mahon, in terms of the utmost conciliation. The fair Anastasia seconded the request in tones and terms most irresistible; and Willomer's jocularly was employed in the same behalf. The *Chef* felt, that like a captain who had stood out a siege to the last extremity, he had resisted long enough for honour. And his answer was, in part, a promise of compliance, in the event that he could induce his brother Ignatius to

view matters in the same light, in which he, Roger, then did.

“ You hold then still allegiance to the Chief of the Sept ?” said Willomer, gaily. “ I fear Mistress Anastasia will call your obsequiousness, barbarous.”

“ No, no,” said Anastasia.

“ Even at that risk, which I deprecate,” replied the *Chef* gallantly, “ still must I hold it. *Au revoir.*”

The *Chef* spurred Saint Gris to Corramahon, for the first time contemplating with complacency the odious deer-park wall, which the Irish looked on as an Anglicism and an innovation. The Burtons and Willomer kept on their route to the Castle of Palestine.

CHAPTER V.

THE reconciliation, which the events just narrated were calculated to produce betwixt the two families, did not take place immediately. Even Chef Roger's promise to make his appearance at Palestine could not be kept, so loud and vehement were the exclamations both of his brother and his niece upon those amicable inclinations towards the Burtons, that the soldier had so suddenly begun to entertain. Forbearant as was the character of the Aireach, he nevertheless in the first heat of his choler, stigmatized the act of an O'Mahon visiting Palestine as that of a renegade. He even declared the knight's timely and friendly interference in behalf of Saint Gris, as a plot betwixt

him and his attorney, prepared for overwhelming the O'Mahons with some further and unforeseen injustice. This assertion staggered Roger, who began to think no villany too base or too absurd for the country. And as his intentions to trust or be reconciled with the Burtons was shaken by this, it was more effectually shamed by his pert niece's raillery, for which the whole adventure, including Anastasia's entreaties naïvely recounted by Roger in the simplicity of his heart, afforded ample subject and scope.

The *Chef* in consequence did not dare to turn his horse's head towards Palestine, although owing, as he pleaded, in pure civility, a visit of thanks, at least to Sir Christopher, for his friendly interference in Carlow. The Aireach was decided and even choleric in his dissuasion; and Roger submitted, not only in admiration of an approach to vigour in Ignatius, but also in a certainty, that, from his brother's easy temper, such a strained feeling of resentment would not long endure.

Anastasia on her part could not rest so con-

tented with the incompleteness of her whim. She was at first piqued, and declared her resolution never for the future to take the least notice of the barbarians of Corramahon; a resolve that drew from her brother Kit a most approving oath and exclamation. On the next morn, however, she not the less tormented her father to ride with her to Corramahon. This the knight indignantly refused; and Anastasia, in prosecution of her purpose, was obliged to require the company of Willomer, ever a most willing squire, and at the same time of her cousin Amyas.

“I hope the old gentleman may be so considerate as to grant us an audience,” said Willomer, as they quitted Palestine. “My friend, the *Chef*, seems to be under fraternal government; and the sight of two Burtons may stir the spleen of this Hibernian chief, whilst the sight of a red coat and feather at the same time will certainly not soothe him.”

“Nay,” observed Anastasia, “Cousin Amyas is free of the mansion, and will be our pass. He hath his privilege by favour both of father

and daughter; and 'tis one, that he doth not let lie dormant."

Willomer heard with greedy ear, but made no comment.

"I have not been to Corramahon these ten days," said Amyas.

"Can I credit that? and yet, now that I regard your cheek, I do. Eh! what, a quarrel, coz? Well, this is peace-making day, and we must all put on contrite countenances. By the by, Major, you have met with Rachel O'Mahon?"

"It is possible: at Lady Burgh's, if I remember—a pert beauty, with a Cleopatra nose."

"What kind may that be? I am not learned."

"*Retroussé*, the kind wherein damsels are apt to hang caprices."

Amyas smiled painfully at the justice of the remark, and seeking to put Willomer to the proof, asked, "And the Roman, like Anastasia's, what may be its purpose?"

“As a theme for pride,” replied the gallant, “to awe us humble suitors.”

“Then truly I would that the damsels of Catherlogh were well provided,” observed Anastasia, “for a more impertinent and dangerous set of cavaliers than Lord Deloraine’s have never come to disturb the quiet of the county.”

“I trust this peace,” quoth Amyas, “will disband and dismount them. Perhaps they may not be so redoubtable in black coats, as they have been in red ones.”

“O’ my troth not !” said Anastasia : “I can answer for my sex.”

“Are we not then sufficiently thrown into the shade by the peruque and sword-knot of a French guards-man ?”

Anastasia blushed.

“In sooth, Madam, you and your gentle cousin wrong us. What if our subalterns have swaggered somewhat, made havoc amongst barmaids and country-wenchies, have not I for months been laying siege to your impreg-

nable heart, and spending all love's artillery in vain."

"And will continue to do so, I most heartily wish, in all instances, whilst you act Wildair amongst our provincial belles, and assault every owner of a passable face, the sentimental with the deepest sigh, and the vivacious with your most modish oath. Prithee, Sir, how long has it been since ye males have changed places with our sex, and monopolized coquetry?"

"O' my soul, it must have been since the Venus of Palestine has become metamorphosed into Minerva."

"Go to! thou most false of the feathered tribe. Even poor Rachel could not escape. Did I not see you at Lady Burgh's, pouring your insidious talk into the girl's pleased ear?"

"A hurried compliment,—no more by this hand!—to hide the ardent glance I cast towards the finest figure in the dance—where, need I repeat?—to preserve my character for courtesy, and sweeten at the same time the young creature's ratafia. 'Twas charity, more than galantry, I swear."

The party had, by this time, terminated the avenue to Corramahon, not impeded by the fallen elm-tree, the removal of which the *Chef* himself had superintended. They entered the court; and the surprise of several of the inhabitants of the mansion did not allow time for speech, for orders of denial or defence, ere the visitors entered at the open door, carrying the dwelling and the parlour of the Aireach by storm. The *Chef* welcomed Willomer, and even offered to kiss his comrade; at least he made some advance towards such embrace, till recollection checked him, and he rather awkwardly substituted the salute of the hand. Miss Burton seized the hesitating Rachel, and drew her aside in order to excuse her visit, to supplicate for the renewal of their ancient friendship; whilst Ignatius himself, unwilling to remain sullen amidst such signs of general amicability, hailed Amyas jovially, and brought the flush of confusion more than of pleasure to the youth's cheek by reproaches for his late absence. Rachel's cheek indeed was equally suffused, not from any reciprocal feeling

of love or pique towards Amyas, but owing to the unexpected appearance of Major Willomer. The girl's agitation was so great, that she totally forgot all grudge or reserve of pride entertained against Anastasia. She listened with an air of forced attention ; and replied with unconscious rather than affected cordiality to Miss Burton's expostulations and renewed proffer of friendship.

In despite, however, of all these symptoms, the half hour's converse that ensued was stiff in the extreme, and wore all the *ennui* of a common visit, heightened by the reserve and awkwardness of an unwelcome one. Rachel was confused, Amyas piqued, Roger in but half-possession of his mother tongue, and Ignatius on the wrong side of his dinner. The only hope of knitting together such a company in ease and momentary friendship lay with Willomer, who, indeed, only waited to understand the Aireach, in order to lay at once upon him the spell of his frank and adroit converse. It demanded none of the ultra-profound science of the man of the world to succeed in this. A

few questions respecting Corramahon, a glance at its former grandeur and progressive decadence, avoiding with a pilot's art to run upon or stir the turbid shoals of the brother's sensibilities,—then a recurrence to the present times ; to London, where the Major had lately been ; to the ministerial triumphs of the Tories of that day, and finally to the Jacobite propensities and supposed intrigues of the Queen and her counsellors. These started topics occupied and roused the lethargic attentions of the Aireach, whilst the hopes implied lulled any spark of latent jealousy, which he might entertain against the Williamite soldier, or against the daughter of the Knight of Palestine. All in short, soon became sunshine in the interior of Corramahon, except for the diversely agitated hearts of Amyas and Rachel.

It was at that time late in the still green month of December. The year, like years of late, and unlike years of old, if weather-experienced ancients are to be believed, was tardy in developing its rigours. The sun shone upon the bare branches as glowingly, as though they

were in leaf. Anastasia and Rachel went forth to enjoy it, and to escape from a conversation that began to seem serious and political; Amyas irresolutely followed.

“ We are to be friends once more, Rachel, are we not ?” asked Anastasia.

“ Oh ! yes,” said Rachel. “ I have a thousand things to tell you. Papa looks contented, and we have got uncle for a peace-maker. He is so good an uncle, if you did but know him, and so odd. I torment him ; I do so like him.”

“ You kind-hearted girl ! but now, why did we cease to be friends ?”

“ Nay, I don’t know the reason, if you don’t. Your pride—”

“ Ours !”

“ Yes, and some mystery about my brother Garret’s going to be married to you.”

“ To me !”

“ Yes: and I suppose, the pride you were but just now shocked at my charging you with, is itself shocked at my second accusation.”

“ Not a shadow of truth in either. We are friends,—that is enough. And now, tell me one

of the thousand things : or let me begin by calling Amyas, who looks rueful and wistful yonder, like an angered lover struggling 'twixt his affection and his spleen. Shall I beckon to him ?”

“ Do not so : Why does he not come of himself? 'Tis that he wants either the courage or the goodwill : and in either case we will none of him. Who is this Englisher and soldier you have brought with you, Anastasia ?”

“ You have never seen him !”

“ Perhaps—once—But who is he ?”

“ Willomer he is called, and he is thought—But why have you quarrelled with poor Amyas ?”

“ *Poor Amyas !* now that is reason enough. Who could love any one, whom one might call *poor ?*”

“ Yet pity is said to be a step towards loving.”

“ Not for me,” said Rachel seriously ; “ I could love the man I feared ; but he who stoops and weeps, and woos in trembling, is no suitor for Rachel O'Mahon. I have some of the spirit of my sires.”

“What wild, unruly fellows they must have been, Rachel !”

“They were chiefs and warriors all, Anastasia. Princes once, and outlaws since ; now——”

“Come, Rachel, your good father will give us enough of this mood—let us be girls, gay happy girls, and talk of hearts and fortunes. You no longer care for cousin Amyas.”

“No,” was the reply, in a tone of lightsome caprice, that precluded, in such a case, all doubt of its sincerity.

“You cannot deny that you did ?”

“As a friend and playmate. But I am so changed, Anastasia, within a little time, that I scarcely know myself. When Amyas used to be with us, so kind, and so good, and so mild, I thought it cruel not to care for him, at least not to tell him so ; and so I allowed myself to dream of cottages, and of a life still and humble as my dream ; but now——”

“What now, girl ?”

“Now I dream of courts and warriors, plumes and lances, a stirring, proud life, a——. I wish I was as tall as you are, Anastasia.”

“O my troth! you have more lofty thoughts; and the warriors you speak of, are they in coats of mail, or in simple buff and scarlet? You blush indignant at the thought, do you? Well, 'tis of some Jacobite chief, some Tory of the hills, that you are ideally enamoured?”

“Don't mention those horrid Rapparees. What does the heart of a girl care for Williamite and Jacobite differences?”

“But the daughter of O'Mahon, with all the spirit of her sires, as she boasts——”

“Must wear their feuds and prejudices,” said Rachel, her spirit somewhat dashed.

“Now hear me, Rachel,” commenced Miss Burton, with a counsel-giving, grave expression of face. “You do not know these men, their falsity, their arts; their very point of pride is in deceiving woman. It is the vanity of this day, as valour was at one time, public spirit at another; but now that swords are sheathed, and patriotism grown a stale enthusiasm, to win woman's favour, and cheat her of her peace, if not her virtue, has become the sole aim of a modern hero. You may smile in con-

tempt, Rachel, and disbelief ; but remember I warn you—this Willomer—but speak of him and he comes.”

The *Chef* and Willomer here joined the young ladies. The Aireach had insisted on his visitors awaiting the afternoon’s repast, an offer which Willomer with some hesitation accepted. But as Ignatius professed himself more than sceptical of any friendship not consolidated by partaking of the same bowl, the Major, whose errand was peace and friendship, was compelled to await the fit time and ceremonies. Hereto the Aireach pleaded the necessity of consulting Ursula, heretofore known to the reader as old Shulah ; and upon the hint, Roger and the Major abandoned the Aireach to the care of swelling to a more than ordinary scale his hospitable provisions.

Roger O’Mahon, offering his arm to Anastasia, and having been induced, after a delay of ten minutes’ courtesy and reluctance, to apply his hat to the covering of his head, proposed that they should walk to the fort. There is

•

always some such local *lion* about country places, be they cottages or chateaus. That mentioned by the *Chef* was traditionally known to the inhabitants of the country as a Danish fort; and truly it might have been at first formed, and its surrounding ditch thrown up, by a small encampment of these Northerns. Subsequently, a building had been erected in its precincts, with more, however, of the appearance of a chapel than of a fort or castle; and the little green mounds into which the surface of the sward around was broken, that part of it at least clear of thorns and briars, caused it still more to resemble an old place of worship with its surrounding cemetery. The *Chef's* old recollection enabled him to account for this by the circumstance that the robbers, the Tories or Rapparees of the country, oft excommunicated by the priesthood for their atrocities, were here accustomed to bury their slain or dead. Further information on that head, Roger omitted to communicate, viz. that the O'Mahons of old ruled an immense horde of these partizans,

were then, and even now, looked upon by them as their true chiefs; though the quiet temper of Ignatius had made him break off all intercourse with them. There were more circumstances connected with the fort, that also required circumspection on the part of the *Chef* in alluding to them; yet he was so frank and simple, that but for the difficulty and hesitation with which he now spoke his native tongue, he would have acted the sincere and eager Cicerone in unburdening himself of all he knew, or could guess at. As he was launching forth, however, and beginning to expatiate at full, the eyes of Rachel met his with a warning expression, and were in the instant after turned upon the striking uniform of the English soldier. Roger was somewhat embarrassed by this recall to prudence; he saw the blunder of having proposed the Danish fort of Corramahon to the visit of strangers. Obligated to make the best of it now, he drew Anastasia's arm within his, and turning the dialogue on the Court of Lewis the Fourteenth, he led the way to the fort, resolved to touch upon it as a topic, or linger

around it as an object of curiosity as little, and for as short a time as might be.

Major Willomer allowed the *Chef's* speed to outstrip his on this promenade of pleasure, determined not to lose so favourable and opportunity of pressing his suit with the pretty Rachel. As her light trip accompanied his heavier pace, he cast down a reconnoitring glance ere he commenced. He saw enough to reassure him. The young creature's cheek was glowing; her eyes, uncertain where to fix, shunned even the ground, lest a downcast look might be thought to betray her bashfulness and confusion; her arm even, that gently pressed him onward to rejoin her uncle, trembled as it pressed. She had none of the useful arts, the assumed ease, the self command of society. Rachel knew nought of life, but that she loved; and the consciousness perplexed her.

"Kind Heaven, be thanked!" commenced Willomer, "I have met you at last, Rachel O'Mahon, alone and in your native grove." No answer came. "What a weary world it is, so full of lets, cares, crosses and obstacles, that

a man hath exhausted all his wit in getting a word with his mistress, and hath none left to prompt that word. If you knew half the devices I have made use of to see you."

"Why, why are they necessary?" asked Rachel.

"Why askest thou, proud daughter of an Irish chief? How should I expect my sword and feather to be saluted, if they ventured without pretext or protection hither?"

"Surely, my uncle would have protected you, for he was about to embrace you but now," replied Rachel, recovering her mirth and malice, as she recovered from her confusion; "and, moreover, he has been expecting you these very many days past."

"If I knew he was the same--if I had a conception that he was your uncle, may I be made ashamed."

"It was kind, however, your coming at last; or rather Miss Burton's coming to visit him."

These covert reproaches delighted Willomer, and he took full advantage of them by appearing hurt, and assuming a serious tone.

“Do you, can you be so cruel as to doubt my passion?—no, that were impossible: but to mock it!”

Rachel was again silent. She did not know what to expect from the altered tone.

“Behold me then, divine creature,” cried Willomer in the Quixotic language of the gallantry of that day, and bending at the same time on his knee; “behold me prostrate, an humble slave and adorer. I pour out my whole heart at your feet, and only crave a smile to re-assure it.”

“My uncle and Anastasia will return,” cried Rachel, pleased and terrified.

“Hence will I not stir,” continued Willomer, extravagantly acting the well-known courtship-scene of many of our old comedies, and pouring forth all the protestations of that insincere and hyperbolic age.

To Rachel all this was, as Willomer reckoned, most delicious and intoxicating. Hitherto she had received but the rustic compliments of the Aireach’s rude, however well-born, visitors, or Amyas’s mute glances and smothered sighs.

Both were a species of homage that she despised. But now a lover kneeled before her, a man and a warrior, one who knew court-language, and who wooed in courtly guise. She felt elevated, and filled with queenly thoughts. Such a man her slave! She felt love at the moment for Willomer; but it was a sentiment corrupted, not dignified by pride. She even owned it; and Willomer pressed the lovely creature an instant in his embrace. The quick and high spirit of the girl forbade any further liberty, that the licentious man of fashion and of the world might have attempted. They continued their walk, absorbed in silence, she so full of happiness as to preclude utterance, and he affecting the same tenderness and oblivion.

The *Chef* and Anastasia had in the mean time reached the fort, and the latter, who was already prepared to regard the place with as much fear as anxiety, was alarmed at hearing the sound of human voices issue from its precincts. Roger himself was somewhat perplexed; but as he had at the time several very good

reasons, which forbade him to betray any fear, he observed, that it was the custom for the labourers at times to retire thither in order to take their mid-day meal. The voices, however, did not corroborate this explanation, as one of them at least bore no mark of the rudeness of a peasant's tongue ; it was that, on the contrary, of a well-nurtured person, with a foreign accent, which, with an increase of feebleness and age, resembled Roger's own. The following is the dialogue, of which they caught but snatches.

“ *Peste, Master Ulique*, on your impatience ! we must wait the signal. You know not what Saxons may be prowling about Corramahon.”

“ What should the Sassenach do in the mansion of the Aireach.

“ What do? *eh, Seigneur !*—what do—save harry and levy, hunt outlaws, Master Ulique, and over-sea priests. The safety of the Lord be about us ! what do !—raise a third of O'Mahon's rents for O'Mahon's protestant son.”

“ The renegade ! my skene shall be acquainted with his heart's blood.”

“ What he merits, Master Ulique ; and Rome

would absolve thee for the deed ; that is, might, upon consideration.”

“ She hath a wide conscience, Rome; but none in her consideration. It cost Macmurrough a thousand Jacobuses to be assoiled for dealing his brother’s death-blow,—a thousand Jacobuses of solid gold; yet he whom he slew was a Cromwellian and a traitor. Ye have raised the price of blood upon us sorely, Master Churchman, and unless robbery thrives with us Rapparees, we must e’en die out of the Church’s pale.”

“ You would die, as ye have lived, O’More. Thou art half Lutheran to rail at the price of indulgences. They are dog-cheap for the times. Heaven has grown deaf, I tell thee, with listening to the world’s enormities, and prayers are no longer heard as they were wont.”

“ Is it even so,” said the young Rapparee, satisfied with the reason assigned by the priest as the cause of the rise in the spiritual wares.

The churchman seemed not to wish that his disciple should dwell upon his argument, for he said immediately, "And you propose to commence the wooing of the sister by the slaughter of the brother, do you?"

"By the body of all the saints, it were after a proper fashion! A daughter of her blood should wear me in her heart for the deed. But —these are degenerate days."

"*Ahi!*" exclaimed the churchman, "that is true as prophecy."

Whilst the involuntary listeners stood in amazement at the little they heard or comprehended of this dialogue, the *Chef* was uncertain whether to retire at once from the spot, or continue to gratify their curiosity, and so lull by affecting indifference any suspicion that might be awakened in his companion. Ere he could decide, another and a better known voice broke upon them from the other side of the fort land, though it was vented in under breath.

"Your reverence!"

"All is well, Ursule?"

“No faix, isn’t well, a bit of it! You must be close, Father,” said Shulah.

“How, what!” and several hurried interrogatories burst from the inmates of the fort.

“Whisht! the Inglishes are about the Corrah.”

“What Inglishers?” eagerly demanded the younger voice.

“Them Burtons,—*agra*, whosever you be that’s keeping company with his riverence,—them Burtons, and more beside.”

“What are they doing here?”

“Yourself knows as much as myself;—there’s a red coat among ’em.”

“Treason! by Saint Patrick,” exclaimed Ulich, as he started up to begone. The ecclesiastic seemed to attempt to retain or at least to dissuade him from going.

“Nay,” said he, “another day I will seek the Aireach. And if it be for me they come, I had rather encounter my enemy upon the heath, than be dug out of a hole like a crouching fox.” So saying, he sprung upwards, and started, like an apparition, before the eyes of

the *Chef* and Anastasia. He himself, however, was by far the most astonished.

The figure of Ulick O'More was fine, muscular, and martial, his height exaggerated by the mantle that enwrapped him. The pride of the high-born chieftain was mingled in his countenance with the recklessness and ferocity of the outlaw. He wore the latter expression, however, in expectation of meeting with an enemy. When his eyes fell upon the fair form of Anastasia, the air of the outlaw disappeared; that of the chieftain was called up and assumed. He paused a moment, and regarded in admiration the haughty seeming beauty of Anastasia.

"This must be the daughter of O'Mahon," thought he. Then advancing and doffing his cap in a most courteous salutation—"Fair daughter of a most noble race," quoth he, "Ulick O'More presents thee with his homage."

Anastasia, who had recovered from her fear, and who was amused as well as surprised by a salutation so novel to her, thanked the stranger

for his courtesy, and in return informed the Rapparee, of whose name and fame at least she was not ignorant, that "one of her Majesty's officers was approaching, and at the time near them."

"Then we are comrades," quoth Ulick, "since, methinks, I am entitled to assume what rank I please in King James's army."

"The lady spoke of Queen Anne's," observed the *Chef*.

"An enemy is as welcome to Ulick as a friend, often more so," said the outlaw knowingly, casting his eye down the wood nevertheless.

"Your presence, Sir, at any other time welcome, will for the moment be likely to bring trouble upon Corramahon," said the *Chef* in some perplexity.

"There was a time that Corramahon did not shrink from troubles in a good cause; but the hare, it seems, has couched in the old wolf's den. There was a time, Roger O'Mahon—your tongue bespeaks you—one of your name would not have come of an errand from the

French king, without seeking counsel of an O'More."

"You mistake the purport of my visit to the land of my forefathers," replied the *Chef*.

"If I do, I trow, whose is the shame? O'More presses on no man's secret. Lady, I kiss your hand."

The outlaw, seizing the hand of Anastasia, whose surprise did not admit of resistance, imprinted on it the salute that he spoke. Then replacing his cap, he sprung, like a stag, over the enclosure, and was soon lost in the recesses of the surrounding wood. Willomer and Rachel came up at the instant, and no doubt it was a glimpse of his uniform, caught through the trees, that had decided the abrupt departure of Ulick.

Anastasia and the *Chef* were both perplexed; especially as the latter had uttered to his companion an hurried prohibition to mention what she had witnessed. Fortunately, Rachel was as unfit to endure observation as to prosecute impertinent inquiries; and as the girls beheld the flushed cheeks of each other, the one au-

gured that the other had at least been listening to a declaration of love. Anastasia, we have seen, was right in such conjecture ; but Rachel, though she so construed appearances, could not help wondering at the activity of her uncle in making such speedy progress.

“ My uncle hath not been to France in vain,” thought she ; “ and yet he looks confused, whilst Willomer is at his ease. Can he love, and be so calm ? My heart’s as if it had lost its place, my cheek burns.

Willomer was engaged in surveying the fort, and coolly making remarks to his companions, whose confusion he saw, but affected not to notice, when Shulah made her appearance.

“ Then it’s here I find you !” exclaimed the old woman, reproaching the *Chef*’s want of prudence. “ My blessing’s on you, Roger O’Mahon, you’ve left some of your wit ayond sea !”

Roger, however, was in no mood to be either bantered or reproached. The freedom of the old domestic jarred with his natural sense of dignity and professional love of etiquette.

“Spare us your observations, Ursula,” said he, “and let us know your errand.”

“Arrand, honey ! troth then ’twas a goose-chace, and sure enough I catched you. Would nothing sarve you, but prying into the foort ?”

“Now don’t be angry, Shulah,” said Rachel. “Uncle meant no offence to the fairies ; nor did he know the good people haunted here.”

“——on witch and fairy,” exclaimed Roger.

“Ye’ve said it now in troth, Master Roger. I wouldn’t give a groat for your luck atwixt this and Hollentide. And now, gentles, your dinner’s ready.”

“‘To it with what appetite we may,’ she would add, were she but Shakspeare read,” said Willomer. “What an invaluable old angry original you have got here, Rachel ! The Irish, I remark, are always facetious in their resentments.”

“Not always,” said Rachel ; “for my good uncle is now approaching the one feeling with very little symptom of the other.”

“There you go, Master Yellow-and-Red,” soliloquized Shulah, “colloguing with Rachel

O'Mahon;—it's maybe we'd be the spoiling of your sport."

There are some folks who are happy only at the head of a table,—there alone may be said to flourish and exist. Place them at the side, or even as a guest, and they are ciphers. At the head they are monarchs: hospitality is their element. Ignatius O'Mahon was one of these. Seen in the morning, as the party had surprised him, he was languid, idea-less, confused. It seemed as if his spirits had wandered beyond his reach, and that his presence of mind had gone in search of them. There was then neither dignity nor life about the Aireach.

Now, however, he presided at the board:—simple oak it was, interminable, and flanked by a number of guests, retainers, and domestics, that made Willomer, and even the *Chef* himself, stare with surprise. The Aireach had long since given a *fête* in honour of his brother's return, the description of which we then spared our readers, aware that events of the kind were such natural and common occurrences at Corramahon, that the course of our narrative would

soon overtake a similar one. At this, however, solemn and joyous as was the cause of the gathering and the banquet, there was scarcely a larger assemblage of feasters, although there might have been a greater number of more respectable. His fellow-nationals were too well acquainted with the dignity of the Aireach, as well as with the curtailed means of supporting the same, to permit his vanity to exaggerate his preparations, or to swell his train beyond its scanty reality. To meet the eyes of an English soldier, however, and of a daughter of the rival house of Palestine, there was need of every exertion in order to be imposing. Hence, though two hours had been the utmost space allowed for preparations, such activity had been displayed, that every neighbour within a league around had poured in, and more than one larder had been trespassed upon in the shape of a loan to supply the ample feast.

It was like magic, that crowded hall that rung and smoked, which a short time since the guests had traversed desolate and empty, not even a single domestic appearing at their call,

whilst now at the call of the viands more than a score showed every sign of life and gladness.

As usual, all, lord and servant, took place at the table, the upper part of which was covered with a variegated and neat matting, still the dinner-table covering in many parts of Europe. The better order of guests first sat down, those of the lower benches awaiting the nod of the Aireach, ere they took a similar liberty.

Who so happy as Ignatius? He was no longer the bloated, the lethargic occupant of a chimney-corner. His form grew erect, his grey eye glistened, the forms, the politeness, the exertions of hospitality bestowed grace and dignity to his movements. His intellect was even brightened by the excitement, and his discourse wanted neither aptness nor wit. Willomer repressed his rising inclination to amuse Miss Burton by some very fine and covert raillery, which the rudeness of host and guest seemed at first to promise scope for. Anastasia felt herself in as aristocratic a presence, as though Sir Christopher entertained an Anglo-Hibernian grandee; and the *Chef* looked with pride and

submission to his brother, as to a commanding officer. Ignatius was every inch a chieftain.

Gay, mingled, desultory, inspirative of amity and good humour, was the converse that mingled with the clatter of feeding weapons—the knives, such as they were, and were wielded, deserve no better name—and the ringing of goblets. And the din was greater and more confusing, as the chamber of banquet was by no means the lofty feudal hall, but a low, naked apartment, whose extreme length increased the seeming pettiness of its height. Huge beams of shillelah oak, weighty enough, one would think, to crush the walls on which they were laid as rafters, protruded out from the ceiling, and stretched so low as to bear thick marks of the steam of the viands, and the smoke of the torches, which were wont to illumine many a night carouse.

“Major Willomer, I pledge thee,” said the Aireach, “welcome to the O’Mahons’ board—my brother’s friend, gentlemen,” added he, turning to more than one gloomy countenance.

“Roger O’Mahon’s friend!” drank several,

and Willomer replied by an obeisance. One was heard to utter,

“ Well, here’s health to the Hanoverian, anyhow ; thof it’s not the challenge Ignatius O’Mahon ’ud ha’ given him a score of years back.”

“ And that we know, Dermid,” said the Aireach. “ That’s a truth does not require a wry face to strengthen it. Blows were meat and drink to us then, and a stomach-full we both got and gave. There is a time for all things.”

“ Then it’s what I’m hoping after,” said Dermid, “ that there is ; for we’ve been asleep these twenty years, and not o’ the softest sleep neither ; and if the time, as your own self says, would but come agin for a bit of a row, it ’ud do us all the good in the world.”

Numerous were the winks, shoves, pulls, hems, coughs, and other warning exclamations, which sought to put a check to Dermid’s imprudent tongue. But as in the eagerness of his thirst he had mistaken whiskey for pure lymph, he replied by a knowing look, “ that he knew what he was about.”

“ And what reasons, my good Sir, have

you to be discontented?" asked Major Wil-
lomer, wishing to propitiate goodwill by frank-
ness.

"In troth, then, Master Major, I'll not be
after keeping you till the morrow morn with
my rasons, forby you may read them as you
ride, plain as the nose on my face. Or there's
Natus O'Mahon will tell you a story or two,
and, maybe, Sir Kit Burton's dochter would
help him."

"That is not the question, my good Der-
mid," joined in the *Chef*; "but what would
you gain by your wished-for troubles?"

"Something sure, when there's nought to
lose," replied the small proprietor, or better
sort of farmer, a race unfortunately since lost
to Ireland; "it 'ud bring the soldiers in at any
rate, and they'd ate our lane cattle, maybe,
that rot on our hands, now that they won't let
us send 'em abroad. They might rise the
markets a bit too, and a farmer might put a
plough in his land; whiles now, from Kilkinny
castle to Bagatrot, what's to be seen the long
road, barrin pasture and praties, praties and

pasture. By and by, there 'll be naughting but praties, and then we 'll be a blessed herd of swine."

" You forget, Dermid," said the *Chef*, " that the wars you wish to recall were what made potato-planting, and potato-eating prevalent, as the only crop that the passage of an army or a troop of marauders could not destroy."

" Thou repinest, Dermid, like one of thine own oxen," said Ignatius, who felt himself obliged to put down with dignity the surliness of his guest ; " not at the yoke thou sufferest, but at the lack of provender in thy trough."

" Even so, Aireach," retorted Dermid ; " let the Chieftain's crest rise up against disgrace, the poor hath enemy enough to combat in hunger."

A murmur of somewhat like applause ensued, as cups and medders rattled to represent such amongst the lower benches, and Ignatius felt for an instant the justice of the exculpation and reproof. Nevertheless he rallied, and bade Dermid " take a deeper draught to cure his spleen." " We will win in peace," added he, " what we never gained in war. If all that I

hear be true, we shall live to kiss a Stuart's hand as sovereign once more, though, shame be on me, if the race deserve it."

"You depend on little Bolingbroke?" quoth Willomer.

"That do I," cried the frank Ignatius, "and upon a mightier man than St. John."

"The French King?"

"Troth," said Dermid, "you don't seem to have more gumption nor myself."

"I speak no secret. Neither hand nor thought of mine can aid."

"Stirring times are welcome," said Amyas Burton, breaking from a silence and a reverie, that he had preserved during the feast.

"They are dealers in bearskins, Mr. O'Mahon," said the Major, "believe me, who tell that story; I have just returned from England, and there was not a syllable of it believed at White's."

"Whites or Blacks—'tis whispered in the country-side," said Ignatius. "The truth, that rises troubled at its source, grows clear as it descends the streams."

“ By my own soul, then, I'm sorry for it,” quoth the discontented Dermid.

“ Sorrow ! why the queen of the fairies could not gladden thee : for what reason, Dermid ? ”

“ Why, that your good news, as you call it, your Jacobite hopes and prophecies are come to end in nothing, save bringing down the Whigs upon us. They love an excuse, the persecutors. And no sooner does a flame, ay ! or a spark leap up beyond sea, but down they come, dragoons with their swords, lawyers with their parchment, and justices with proclamations, all upon poor Pat. Hang the priests, shoot the papists, root out the rebels, is the cry just as we begin to look about us.”

“ Dermid, my man,” said Ignatius, “ you are as wet a blanket as ever dripped on a green hedge, to shade it from the sun. You don't take kindly to the liquor.”

Thus converse flowed freely, and as freely with it the whiskey and the claret. Anastasia and Rachel had long since escaped. The minor guests had retired to the kitchen, where their own peculiar topics might be discussed, and

their jests passed without jarring and interrupting the laugh and argument of their betters. These seemed to increase their conviviality as their number narrowed. Willomer was as gay a *blood* as ever struck cane on the pavement of Bow-street; drank chocolate at White's, talked criticism at Will's, or politics at St. James's. Then he could diversify the fashionable jargon of such places, which was scarcely appreciated by his present companions, by campaigning anecdotes, for each of which the *Chef* was sure to find a *pendant*. In fine, Dermid even had forgotten his discontent; and Roger broke upon his abstemious habits more sensibly than he had hitherto ventured. So mingled were the company, and so aware of their want of harmony in many respects, that party and bigotry were softened down by a sense of politeness; and each toast was a concession, rather than a pledge of hate.

The revellers, however, were seated on gunpowder. A spark might change their cordiality to flame and scatter it abroad. "Amity betwixt the houses of Corramahon and Pales-

tine," was proposed by Major Willomer. Ignatius was silent; he had not made up his mind how to answer such a proposal, whether he could pledge such a wish. When Dermid seemed to second it, crying, "Amity! ay, amity and union; for myself is much mistaken if I did not see Garret O'Mahon sneaking this very evening, hang'd dog as he is! to Palestine."

With this word, the spark indeed left the flint. "Thou art an over-sour bit of leaven, Master Dermid," said the *Chef*. "Let us break up the party."

Ignatius had flung the brimming goblet from his lips; and giving vent to every smothered portion of resentment, that good feeling had been long repressing, but at the same time gathering, he burst into a dreadful anathema, of which wine and anger formed the joint and powerful inspiration.

But we will spare the reader all the furious and hurried exaggeration of an Irish curse.

CHAPTER VI.

PREVIOUS to the departure of the Burtons and Major Willomer from Corramahon, which, owing to the Aireach's awakened passion had been somewhat abrupt, Amyas had craved an interview with Rachel. She could not refuse. She thought, too, an explanation to be somewhat necessary betwixt them; and although that necessity gave her pain, she resolved to be frank, at least, if she could not be generous or constant to her ancient lover. She therefore, without hesitation, appointed the morrow.

The place fixed on by them was a little flower-garden, which had been improved to deserve such name by their joint care. It had

been the spot most frequented by the playmates, and most replete with their boyish and girlish recollections. Some of them could not fail to strike and sadden the breast of Rachel, even occupied as it now was with a full and master-passion. Most insecure of the happiness which this held forth, she was about to abandon those lesser and less warm hopes, which still she felt had made the happiness of many a youthful day; but there was no regret on her own account, though such ideas must flit past. All the pangs that she herself might feel, did not weigh with or oppress her; it was the pang which she was about to inflict that turned its edge towards her, and hurt her commiserating spirit. She wished the cruel meeting over. She blamed her silly eagerness that had mistaken the first gleam of predilection and friendship for the full and all-illuminating sunshine of love. She regretted that she could not call the passion with which the English soldier had inspired her, her *first love*. There was a charm, a sacredness about that word, and the idea that it expressed, with which, let her slight as she

would her intimacy with Amyas, she felt that she could never invest her present feelings. "It is the true, however," thought she, "if not the first; and by it I will abide."

At the moment, Amyas came in sight, and strange, her uncle accompanied the youth. They were engaged in conversation. She dreaded some treachery on the part of Amyas, and was about to retire, when Roger O'Mahon quitted the youth, who continued his course towards the place of appointment.

As he approached and saluted her, she could not avoid being struck by his altered appearance and demeanour. Instead of the boyish, simple, smiling figure, wont to bound towards and gambol around her, when in spirits, or which, when piqued or offended, would shrink downcast away, he now paced erect and manly. His countenance wore no smile, nor yet frown or resentment. It was calm, and even noble. Determination spoke in his glance; and moreover, a character capable of supporting such now became manifest in him for the first time. His lip might quiver as he drew near, and

perhaps it was the contrast betwixt such slight symptoms of feeling, and the calm and firmness of his whole deportment, that constituted the nobleness which surprised and even awed Rachel.

The girl had made up her mind to hear reproaches, and moreover to bear with them; but the first calm words of Amyas were, "Dear Rachel, it was kind of you to grant me this interview."

"Kind! Amyas? Alas! can you forgive me so far as to say so, and to feel it?"

"Our hearts are not our own, nor in our own guidance. Let your affections wander where they will, my regrets will ever be accompanied with a prayer for your happiness. For the past, I have but to thank your friendship for the dream, the idle dream, that made you mine."

I know not the reason, nor how it was, that Rachel was not altogether pleased at this calm, this mildness in her admirer. She had expected fury, with alternate supplication, and threats, and reproaches; not that these could have given

her pleasure, nevertheless their absence certainly piqued her somewhat.

“I am sure, Amyas,” said she, “I am glad you take every thing right—that—that you show no resentment.”

“I am but an insignificant boy, not manly enough to be selfish.” He spoke the word in a tone of ironic bitterness. “Should I prove my love by troubling the happiness of her I love? No, Rachel, I have no resentment.”

“You make me happy by the assurance. Yet, what right had I to think otherwise, or to suppose that either of us, happening to form new intimacies, could disturb our old and childish friendship?”

“Cast no slur upon the past, I pray; to me, at least, it is sacred. I loved you, love you still, Rachel, and would lay down my life to prove it. Do not reproach me with want of affection, because I want resentment. It is my nature to be mild, and to suffer patiently, though proudly—my fate, too, may be the same. Think well of me, at least, now that I am about to bid you farewell.”

“Farewell ! Amyas ? you are surely not about to leave the country ?”

“ I am.”

“ It is a hasty resolve, and may be regretted. Can we not still be neighbours, and forget all of our childish folly that exceeded friendship.”

“ You may, Rachel, as you have ; but I never can. Would you have me wait, and——”

The countenance of Amyas changed as his utterance stopped, and assumed an expression that Rachel had thought impossible to it—one of concentrated passion, fury, and despair. This lasted but a moment, however ; and tranquillity was re-assumed, though every quivering nerve belied it.

“ No, no !” continued he ; “ here we part. My sad and reproachful countenance shall no longer haunt you, or come to mar pleasurable thoughts ; for you could scarcely avoid pitying Amyas.”

“ You make me wretched,” said Rachel, shedding tears. The short glimpse of Amyas Burton’s features, whilst they were distorted with passion had wrought more upon her than

his air and words of generous and self-denying calm. She there saw the wrong she had caused, and felt the pang she had inflicted.

"I have been silly, selfish," cried she; "yet, a mere girl, what could I have known, what foreseen? I have exchanged a childish fancy for a woman's feeling; as you will, Amyas, for a more manly one, and for a worthier object."

Amyas shook his head. "You love Willomer, then?" asked he, as a person certain of his fate requires to be made more deadlily sure.

"I have told him so," breathed Rachel, looking downwards.

The answer put all the generous self-constraint of Amyas to the proof. But he mastered equally the weakness and the ebullition of his spirit, although his throat was choked with the fullness of both. "Farewell!" was the sole word with which he could trust his utterance. Seizing Rachel's hand he pressed his lips upon it for the first time, perhaps, and for the last. In a few minutes Rachel was alone in the little garden, absorbed in feelings, which, though not

without a certain counterpoise of happier ones, were still more sad and more bitter than her young days had as yet experienced.

Her reverie had lasted long, sad as it was; for she could not shake it off, when the appearance of her uncle by Rachel's side effectually roused her.

"Come, Rachel, we will be friends," said the *Chef*. "I was inclined to quarrel with thee, as a flighty little personage, and perhaps did begin to scold a little; but you will forgive me now."

"And why *now*, uncle?"

"Why, now that I perceive you to be veritably *sage*, and capable, young as you are, of quashing resolutely the hopes of a silly boy—my faith! I was about to say, lover."

"And why not say *lover*, good uncle? Is it a crime to have had one?"

"At your age, Mademoiselle, a folly." Rachel here stood erect, and shook her already luxuriant tresses with the pride of incipient womanhood. "In my mind," continued Roger—"

“ It would be no folly to fall in love at *your* age.”

“ Hey-day, impertinent ! what take you me for ?”

“ For a dear, good uncle,” cried Rachel, blushing with shame at her own impudence, and placing her hands upon the *Chef*’s cheeks in playfulness, at once to excuse herself and hide her awkward feeling. “ For a dear, good uncle, who must not be too curious about me. I have been ever free as the wind, swaying, not swayed.”

“ Youth, my girl,” said the forgiving Roger, “ is a path along a precipice, which beauty should never pursue without a guide.”

“ Mine is no giddy head. I walk steadily ; and the interference of a guide might trouble it. Besides, my dear uncle, we are mates, we are contemporaries.”

“ How so, young head, that art not giddy ?”

“ We follow the same path, do we not ? Our hopes, are they not similar, our feelings ?—”

“ Let us see, child, what are thine ?”

“ Hark !” exclaimed Rachel, “ there are Sir

Christopher's hounds. What an inspiring cry! Let us run to the fort-moat, and we shall have a full view. Do run, uncle." And Roger, obedient to his niece's word, followed her example and speed, which indeed the rest of the household sallied out to follow also. Even Ignatius himself hobbled forth to see the occasion of the stir.

"There they go! the stag has just cleared Palestine woods, and sweeps down towards the valley. He bounds, not runs, a furlong at every spring."

"Myself pities the baste," observed Shulah from behind, her withered arm stretched across her brow: "to a sneaking fox one could say *halloo* with pleasure; but them poor deer, that Sir Kit has shut up for his hunts, the priest tells they cry, the cratures—all as one of usselves, an like, that the Orangers 'ud be hunting; and myself has seen that same afore now."

"It is cowardly sport," said Ignatius; "twenty dogs upon a deer. A brace of wolf-dogs and the hunter's skene, the game might face, and die with honour, as honour there

would be also in the slaying. What is yon rout more than galloping up and down a mall?"

"Talk as you will, Ignatius, that cry to me is as fine as a trumpet sounding the charge. Ho! you, saddle me my gray," cried Roger, to an open-mouthed domestic.

"And me my pad," cried Rachel.

"You will not join yon Orange sport, Roger?" said Ignatius.

"That will I. When last I heard the hunting-horn, it was the woods of Fontainbleau that echoed to the sound, and the courtiers of the Great Lewis that joined the cry. Was that Orange? By Saint Denis, I will show the Williamites the paces of a Jacobite charger."

"And will be ready to take ten pounds value for him, if he be first at the death?"

"Go! Sir Christopher is a generous old knight. If he would not see me wronged in the town-street, he will not surely in the hunting-field. You, Rachel, had better not venture, however."

"Mind your nag, uncle. I see Anastasia's habit yonder, and must e'en have a word with her, if you mean to have a whisper."

“ Brother Roger,” said Ignatius, “ recollect we have been informed that Garret O’Mahon is at Palestine.”

“ I do not go to Palestine,” said the *Chef*. “ And yet I should like to face the renegade. An honest frown might make him falter in his baseness.”

“ He has not shrunk from incurring a father’s curse.”

“ You will pardon him, if I bring him back a suppliant.”

“ Let him supplicate Holy Church, and come a penitent to her whom he hath denied,” said Ignatius, at once waving his opposition to his brother’s visiting Palestine ; for the parent’s last hope revived within him.

The *Chef* and Rachel had by this time mounted. Their fresh and impatient horses soon bore them to the scene of joyous tumult ; and the peering eyes of the beholders from the old fort of Corramahon soon ceased to distinguish them amongst the crowd of pursuers. Amongst them, however, they were soon noticed, and by no means with welcome. Party

and religious bigotry were even there to poison the naturally frank and generous feelings of the sporting-field. In the minds of the squirealty, small and great, who followed the chace, the Papists were a degraded race, which, nevertheless, they felt compelled to fear and to hate, far more than to condemn. They knew that the degradation under which the Catholics suffered was merely the work of law and statute, and that these once evaded, the naturally superior claims of the said papists to respect, both as more ancient of birth and more powerful in right throughout the land, would cast them into the second place. And therefore the ruling Williamites regarded the least infringement of the penal statutes in favour of their enemies, as endangering at once their supremacy, their dignity, and safety. The aim of the Protestant party was to elevate themselves into the gentry of the nation, and at the same time to sink the Catholics into the serfs, as the Normans did with regard to the Anglo-Saxons, and as the Franks had served the Gauls.

The means by which the modern and self-en-

titled conquerors of Ireland attempted this was borrowed, as well as the policy itself, from those remote times. Then, the possession of a horse was the characteristic of the noble: the gentry were equestrian, the base-born, pedestrian. And on this principle was introduced the law, which forbade to the use of Catholics any steed that could be applied to nobler uses than agriculture. This was one of the many modes, one too perfectly in unison with those chivalric principles on which modern gentility is founded, that was put in force not more than a century back to reduce the Roman Catholics of Ireland to Helotism.

As the use of fire-arms was at the same time denied them, they were excluded from all means of rural and gentle amusement. And for fear, it may be supposed, lest this prohibition from manly exercises should have the effect of turning the attention of the degraded caste to the cultivation of their minds, education, either abroad or at home, was by other edicts as expressly denied them. The natural consequences were, that Catholic youths became, in many

instances, such mean wretches as the heir of O'Mahon, or else, if holding still to honesty and to their native pride, they united these to an ignorance, a narrowness, and a want of cultivation that rendered them barbarous, and tarnished even the national virtues. If the persecuted thus degenerated, the persecutors did no less so. If mean submission, or barbarous vindictiveness was the eternal lesson which circumstances instilled into those, inhumanity and bigotry and prejudice were, by the same circumstances, blended with the characters of these. For history establishes no truth more fully than this, that slavery debrutes the enslaver as much as the enslaved, and that the forger of fetters alway sinks morally to the rank of him whom he compels to wear them.

The reader may from hence conjecture the feelings with which the apparition of a Catholic gentlemen, well mounted, in the hunting-field, produced in the breasts of the greater part of those who beheld him. The bigotry that had assailed Roger in the Dublin coffee-house was mild in proportion. Despite of this, the *Chef's*

gallant grey, Saint Gris, as he called him, swept on amongst the foremost, and without being in the least conscious of disqualification for sport on the part of him or his master, soon led the way. This changed many a cry, cheering to the hounds, or triumphant to self, into curses upon the Popish horse; and none vented bitterer of the kind, than young Kit Burton, the heir of Palestine. Not so the old knight himself, who welcomed loudly both the *Chef* and Saint Gris; and his jovial salutation poured forth in the breathlessness of the chace, silenced the murmurings of more than half the field.

Were this the pen of Beckford, or were it inspired by his experience and enthusiasm, to utter a worthy apostrophe to the glories of the chace, here should be its place. But the joyous sport, which, in reality, is ever new, ever exciting, and never palling, has become passing common-place in description. Hound and horn have resounded too widely and loudly in verse, to be for the present listened to in prose; and so, the reader is spared the enumeration of hill and dale, bourne and wood, and of many a

high-sounding town-land, hurried over by the game and its pursuers. Even the death was achieved without any incident worthy of being recorded in the annals of sport ; and, save that Roger O'Mahon and the Knight of Palestine found themselves arrive together, and alone, at the poor deer's catastrophe, nought else occurred worth dwelling upon.

Cordial greetings passed betwixt the two.

"'Foregad !" quoth the Knight, " Master M'Crosky is as well read in horse-flesh as in law. He knew the worth of the gray steed, when he attempted to entrap him."

" He is a jot, perhaps, the worse for wear," replied the *Chef*, "but what is left of him is staunch and true."

" We shall have some trouble though, on the score of his creed."

" My horse's creed !" said Roger.

" Ay, Sir, ay. My brother sportsmen are jealous already of the Papist brute. He must recant, Major O'Mahon, or rein in."

" He is open to conviction."

" I'll be sworn he is, ha, ha !—would prick

his ears, like more orthodox creatures, to his feed, eh ! But here come the stragglers. We will defy them, Major O'Mahon. You must to Palestine with us."

"Would it not be more wise for me," said Roger, "and for Saint Gris, to abandon the field, since we excite envy?"

"By Saint George ! I will protect your gallant Saint there against the host. I should like to see who would wag his tongue against Sir Christopher, or against Sir Christopher's guest."

"I have been used to depend upon mine own rapier, and upon fair courtesy, in all quarrels."

"Why, then, o' my troth, the one would have enough to do, and with but trifling aid from the other, in this case. But come, be my guest frankly, Roger O'Mahon, you and your fair niece, for this afternoon. Fellows at the chace should be fellows at the board. If you retreat, these squires will not stop to swear you feared them."

"Well, here's with you, Sir Christopher. There is a guest, too, I understand, at Palestine, whom I would see and speak a word with."

“What, Garret, your nephew? He should be here. I mounted him upon my own old roan. But he shrunk, like a finican fellow, from the first topping fence.”

“He is faint of heart, then, though not in evil purposes.”

The Knight made no reply.

“Sir Christopher Burton,” exclaimed Roger, “permit me to ask of you, how one, whom I behold so frank and generous, can countenance that boy in his impiety?”

“Me, Sir! You would quarrel with me, would you? It were a wise act on your part, I trow,” replied Sir Christopher, with a feeling of irritation, that nevertheless he mastered. “I do not countenance him. I think him as downright a sneak as ever turned steed from the chace, and the hounds in cry. But what am I to do, Sir? We must support our interest, we must support ascendancy, we must—But I’ll tell you what, Major O’Mahon, you must speak to Lady Burton on this score.”

“Lady Burton!” repeated Roger, who was not of the most quick-sighted.

But by this time the owners of jaded and lagging steeds had come up, and the Knight was checked for the moment in his vein of frankness. Here ensued the usual course of congratulations, regrets, clamours, and rural criticism, that happen on such occasions. The knowing ones took a view of Saint Gris, and less steadily of his master. The Knight of Palestine hastened to obviate any expressions of hostility or ill-humour, by introducing Major O'Mahon to the principal amongst his brother-sportsmen. Rachel, too, was recognized and admired; and after a time, the cavalcade proceeded in dispersed groups or couples to Palestine, where the banquet awaited them.

In these groups, as may be supposed, was discussed, with much heat, and for the most part with blame, the unaccountable leaning and *liberality* (the word was then, as it is now, accompanied with a sneer) shown by Sir Christopher to the brother of O'Mahon. It was looked upon as a dereliction of duty, a desertion of party, an act of treason, in short, of the most dangerous and damnable kind. An union

betwixt Garret O'Mahon, the renegade son of Corramahon, and Anastasia was, 'tis true, talked of in the country. It was approved also. But the necessity of stooping on that account to conciliate a degraded family, was by no means seen. It was wrong; it was suspicious, especially at a period when the partizans of the House of Stuart were every where re-kindling their long-dormant hopes of re-establishment, and were busied in forming plans founded upon the favour, supposed or real, of the then reigning Queen and her ministry.

As Roger O'Mahon approached Palestine, he had now, for the first time, the opportunity of scanning it with impartial view. In his young days he had been accustomed to behold and consider it as a robber's den of somewhat superior fabric to the caves of the Rapparees. And even since his return, he had taken of it the partial glance which a vista in the surrounding woods allowed, with feelings that differed little in kind from his ancient ones. The generosity and frankness of its present possessor had, however, propitiated the hereditary hate

of the *Chef*; and it was now more "in sorrow than in anger," that the latter contemplated the proud castle of the stranger; for so he would still have called the descendant of the knight-adventurer, rearing itself upon the family domain of the O'Mahons.

The building, indeed, looked conscious of intrusion, and wore more the appearance of a frontier fortress than a lord's peaceable abode. It was towered, and battlemented, surrounded with a fosse; and, although it could boast neither drawbridge nor portcullis, yet the grand portal was blocked up with masonry, and the steps and path which led thereto, were both overgrown with grass. The entrance in use was, as O'Mahon soon found, through the high-walled court or yard in the rear, which thus served as an outwork or defence to the mansion, as well as an enclosure to the manifold offices of the Knight's establishment. The castle itself, unfortunately for its dignity, was chiefly built of brick, now dark and dingy, which gave a perishable and mean air to it, that its imposing extent and lofty battlements could

not do away with. Those who have visited Herstmonceaux, may imagine this; they who have seen her grandeur, and age, and solitude, and ivy, though aided by the proudest associations, almost fail in communicating interest to a ruin of brick.

The Castle of Palestine, nevertheless, did not fail to strike Roger O'Mahon as grand and imposing. It certainly was surrounded by no very ancient associations, nor to him with any that were inspirative of respect. Full-grown and well-tended woods alone added magnificence to the residence of the Burtons. There was no rude scenery,—not that rocky mount or barren heath were wanting in the vicinity; but all view of such was scrupulously shut out by the English planter, with whom cultivation was evidently the first beauty, and wealth the first sentiment. Ignatius would have openly and outright scoffed such taste, its pretensions, and the improvements which it operated; but the *Chef* had gathered more courtly and civilized ideas, and he saw more to admire than to disapprove.

Corramahon in the meantime was a hovel,

compared with Palestine. And the thought could not fail to occur, to occur with pain and a sense of injustice. The Irishman was, however, partly neutralized in Roger into the man of the world, and he parried the unpleasant contrast with a French shrug. At least, thought he, the door of Corramahon, though it be but that of a cabin, is at least an open one. To the poor it stands wide, and to the enemy, for that matter, who cares or who dares to enter it.

For all his philosophy and worldly hardihood, Roger O'Mahon regretted his having consented to become a guest at Palestine. He approached it with unpleasant sensations. The idea of its being usurped from his family, though he had thought the recollection too old, and too worn, to stir his blood at that day, revived nevertheless, and indisposed him sensibly from looking on Sir Christopher Burton either as an host, or a friend. The *Chef* felt his equanimity escape from him; he felt also ill prepared to join a convivial party, composed of the oppressors and open enemies of his race. It was too late, however, to retract or retire.

Whilst the jaded sportsmen were approaching Palestine, thus diversely engaged in thought and in discourse, Garret O'Mahon, whom the Knight had truly stated to have shrunk from the first moderate fence that crossed his path—want of skill or courage in horsemanship could scarcely be attributed as a crime to one, who so long in his capacity of Catholic was forbidden to be mounted—and so abandoned the chace, was engaged in the withdrawing-room of Palestine, paying a courtier's homage, not indeed to Anastasia, but to the lofty dame her mother.

Lady Burton had been for some time absent from Palestine, visiting her grandee relatives and acquaintance, during which absence her natural *hauteur*, and the aristocratic and political intolerance that formed the chief feature in her character, had not diminished. She was a superb woman, accustomed to homage from her youth, and although she was too cold and too prudent to allow such to touch her heart or awaken its passions, she was still of that ambitious and stirring temperament, which preferred making use of it for politic purposes. This she

considered being high-minded, and to be possessed of lofty views. Had a court been her sphere, she might have aptly played her contemporary's, the Duchess of Marlborough's, part. In a remote province, her ambition was forced to fly at meaner quarry. Even in the quarrels of Hibernian churches and states, however she might interest herself, she could not arrive at being an active or influential agent. In this she was limited to the mere holding and asserting of opinions. And until the weak and uneducated son of O'Mahon offered himself to her views, they had remained miserably destitute of any immediate object to exercise them.

From her then, and from her son, Garret O'Mahon had learned the great advantages the law held out to the son of the Catholic proprietor, who was willing to embrace the Reformed Faith. No doubt, this was the chief argument made use of to make a convert of the youth ; though a few common-place theological ones were, for form-sake, no doubt added. They were successful. To excuse young O'Mahon

somewhat, however, and obviate our incredibility or horror at filial impiety founded upon mere motives of avarice, it is to be observed, that Garret had been early fascinated with the charms of Anastasia; and it was as the only means of even pretending to her hand, that he had embraced the dominant religion of the day.

So propitiated, Lady Burton favoured the views of young O'Mahon. And although the heart-free Anastasia was of a different opinion, being unable to repress her dislike and contempt of the renegade, still her lady-mother was peremptory and confident, and compelled the willing Garret on the one hand to continue his addresses, whilst on the other she forced Anastasia, with whatever ill grace or reluctance, to receive them.

The mother of Anastasia was now engaged in some lady-like task of the time, knitting or embroidering. Her *protégé*, Garret O'Mahon, sate on a stool at her feet, enacting page, aiding in her lightly industrious occupation, and listening obsequiously to the novel anecdotes and tidings, interspersed with advice, which her ladyship had

gleaned during the course of her late visits. His back was thus turned towards the door of the apartment at which Sir Christopher Burton and Chef O'Mahon entered. They advanced, and the Knight introduced their new guest to his dame. Her surprise at being in a sort compelled to welcome the *Chef de Brigade* O'Mahon in her own mansion, was too great to allow of resentment. She merely cast a look of enquiry towards the Knight, and another towards Garret, who, in lieu of responding to it, held down his head in irresolution and dismay.

“Friendship towards his young relative, I hope, occasions Mr. O'Mahon's visit hither,” said Lady Burton, after the necessary compliments.

“—— on his young relative,” quoth the Knight rudely enough, but not more rude than the manners of the day warranted. “I'll have none of him. He shrunk from the field, and will never be a man out of it. His uncle, like a staunch fellow, supplied his place, and as he helped me to kill the deer; why I e'en compelled him to come and help to eat him.”

“Mr. O’Mahon has lately arrived from France,” said Lady Burton, affecting to be heedless of the Knight. Anastasia had, of course, informed her of the existence and adventure of Roger O’Mahon.

“It is not many weeks since I embarked on my return from Ushant,” replied the *Chef*.

“You have then brought the latest news from the *Grande Nation*?” an ironic emphasis upon the word.

“Would I had been adept enough, Madam, to have imported the new pinners *à la Maintenon*, or a robe *à la Seminariste*.

“Eh, eh!” said the Knight, “that would be news of the right sort for dames.”

“We are not so frivolously given as your French women, Major O’Mahon, I assure you; I alluded to tidings of other importance. I thought you would be likely to know somewhat of the new hopes and machinations of the Jacobites.”

“Considering that I am an old Jacobite,” replied Roger, “your ladyship hath some reason.

But to be frank with you, since King James thought proper to abandon me, I have taken very little trouble to enquire for him."

"By St. George! now, but that is honest!" said the Knight. "Could all ye Papists begin to think at that rate, we should soon be the best of friends, all of us together."

"Now, God forbid!" exclaimed the lady, horrified; "with exceptions, however," said she, correcting her zeal into politeness,—“with exceptions."

"Man forbids, my Lady Burton, and law forbids, and eke doth selfish policy; but say not that Heaven forbids us to be brethren, and to live at peace."

"I am glad to find that you are for the *conciliatory* system," said Lady Burton with an expression betwixt a smile and a sneer. "You will have less objection to meet your nephew, and to allow the youth his free judgment in the selection of his principles."

"I' faith, madam, I should not quarrel with his principles, if their freedom did not extend to the spoliation of his father."

At this moment Garret stood up, displaying a countenance of mingled blush and pallor, shame and effrontery; he attempted, but in vain, to speak.

“Ha! Sir, you herê! I am your humble servant,” said Roger O’Mahon.

“I must have made an unlucky mistake,” said Garret, affecting to recognize his uncle for the first time.

“But where is my hopeful nephew, Sir Christopher?”

“What! you know him not?”

The withdrawing-room had by this time filled with guests, amongst whom was Willomer. And as the latter chanced to descry Garret, without perceiving or expecting the presence of his acquaintance the *Chef*, he came up and relieved the younger O’Mahon from his awkward dilemma by a familiar tap on the arm, and a gay accostal, which offered at the same time in its tone an excuse for the Major’s flagrant desertion in Lucas’s coffee-house.

“Ha! Garret O’Mahon, my comrade! what here so soon? I thought I had left you

leading the fashion of your lively metropolis, prime buck of the flags and the Phœnix, and voice potential of the chocolate-house !”

Garret, who had not the spirit to resent the late abandonment of his *friend*, especially so gay, well-dressed, and well-commissioned a friend, grasped at the opportunity of escaping from under the contemptuous and solemn glance of Chef O'Mahon. He returned in high and jovial tone the jovial greeting of Willomer, deprecating, however, at the same time by a monitory glance, any such compliments as those conveyed in the Major's salutation. In the presence of the *Chef* they were indeed somewhat ill-timed ; and Willomer himself felt so, when he heard behind him the known French accent of O'Mahon add,—

“ And voice potential of the stage also, eh, Major ? This my nephew ? ” continued the *Chef*. “ This Garret O'Mahon, and his familiar *friend* ? Sir Christopher, Lady Burton, I have to thank you for procuring me the knowledge of these two gentlemen.”

“ Chef de Brigade O'Mahon,” said Willomer,

somewhat amazed, "rejoiced to see you—you—"

"Why thank us for introducing you to old friends, since such it appears they are?" said Lady Burton.

"In that I see them with new faces."

The summons to dinner here interrupted, though it by no means put an end to the divers feelings of surprise, shame, amazement, and perplexity which filled the little group.

CHAPTER VII.

THIS brief and trifling scene had a stupifying effect upon Roger O'Mahon. In his nephew he had expected to behold a fickle, forward youth, led by circumstances and ill advice into conduct, the blackness of which he might perhaps blush for in part, and even half repent. But to know him as the coward and the bully; as one who set himself forward as the very swaggerer of a party, hostile to his name and country; as the tool too, the despised tool of Willomer, and as having a spirit patiently tolerant of his contempt:—the mass of degradation linked with the name of O'Mahon sickened him. Even crime, though he would have equally abhorred it, would not have been so mortifying, so disgusting. "The reptile!" exclaimed the

Chef to himself, as he eyed the wretched Garret affecting mirth and carelessness in passing to the hall, and meeting his sister with the same false tone of imposing gaiety, heartless indeed as affected, but not untroubled with misgivings and fear. Poor Rachel's eyes filled with tears, as the presence of her brother called to her mind either his unworthiness or his absence from home. It was a mingled emotion, perhaps produced both by filial and sisterly affections. Garret, however, had no welcome more fraternal to offer than to greet her as a "blubbering chit."

"Reptile!" muttered the *Chef*, "how canst thou have so degenerated? But ignorance, abandonment, the want of education, that cruel laws enjoin, and the degraded stamp which they impress upon us, must have their effect, must make the proud spirit savage, the weak spirit mean. Then our dispersion, our isolation, kept asunder by the suspicion in which and under which we live; no school of manner, of chivalry, or of honour remains to us. No court where we can resort, save abroad, and thither

we are forbidden to have recourse. At home our noble families living secluded and apart, nursing from year to year their poverty and pride, shut out from every career, from arms, from the senate, from the presence and following of the monarch, their traditions of even gentility waxing faint, and themselves condemned to be stationary in an advancing age—tasked to defend their birth-right no longer by prowess, by the arts of the loyal and the gentle, but by the shifts and meanness, and double-dealing of the lawyer's hand—struggling, like insects, in the web of chicane, that legal and tyrannic craft has woven round them; succumbing for the most part without honour; keeping their properties, without the right to hold them, and even that but on the tenure of falsehood—living but on sufferance, and not allowed even to live, unless they can live degraded—this——”

“ Chef O'Mahon,” said the Knight, “ you do but scant honour to our cheer.”

“ He is under a fasting-vow, the craw-thumper,” muttered a guest.

“ He is as much at home as a Jew in a

pork-shop," quoth another. "What brought him here?"

"A Jacobite spy," was replied in the same under-tone; "one of the Corramahon brood, just returned from Rome."

O'Mahon, who of course heard but the Knight's observation, made some suitable excuse, but could not interrupt the current of his reflections. The banqueting hall of Palestine offered some contrast with that of Corramahon, and considering the history of both families and their family properties, not a pleasant one. The lordly splendour of the present scene made the undecked and unadorned abundance of the house of Ignatius appear more mean. The guests too, notwithstanding the boisterousness of some sporting gentry, seemed of a higher order, the topics of more gentle kind. Lady Burton had just returned from the society of the vice-regal court, then presided over by that accomplished and travelled personage, the Duke of Shrewsbury. And thence the subjects introduced and descanted on, though far more trivial perhaps than those discussed at Corrama-

hon, seemed to Roger more courtly and refined. The mere tone too, given to the conversation, appeared to him more worthy of the high-born and the noble. Even this advantage was owing to unjust ascendancy and oppression ; and the *Chef* felt this in every point, not only as a man but as a gentleman ; not only as a citizen, but as one accustomed to social pleasures and social refinement.

Much, however, as these reflections mortified Roger O'Mahon, as a Roman Catholic, and as the member of an old Irish family, it was evident that personally they did not apply to him ; that there was an exception in his favour, and that his foreign education, rank, and breeding, had set him fully on a par with, if not rendered him superior in social grade to, the most cultivated of the ascendancy gentry. Lady Burton herself soon discovered this, as her daughter Anastasia had discovered before. And in consequence, the envious members of the Orange Squirealty were doomed to remark, that the Knight's lady, haughty as she was, and *true blue*, still showed herself as attentive

and *liberal* to the Irish-French officer, as Sir Christopher himself had been.

This manifest change, which took place in the sentiments and conduct of the lady of the mansion, was the most important event of the banquet. It annoyed, indeed, not a few of the guests; and utterly spoiled the appetite of Master Garret. It was therefore with a personal feeling of resentment, that at the termination of the feast, the famed toast of "The pious, glorious, and immortal memory of the great and good King William," with all its appendages, was given by a squire of stentorian power, and with the permission of Sir Christopher, who, in respect to his guest, delegated the giving of this obnoxious but indispensable toast to another. The *Chef's* equanimity, however, disappointed many. He scarcely knew the toast as a party-pledge, but receiving it as honouring the memory of a gallant soldier, a generous enemy, a tolerant and magnanimous monarch, he drank it with all the enthusiasm of his neighbours, and fortunately without understanding the unmeaning gibberish which,

with characteristic wit, the Orange gentry had appended to it.

“ He takes the test,” observed one.

“ He is the more a Jesuit,” quoth another.

Owing to the unusual presence of such a guest as Chef O'Mahon in that society, and to the ideas that such a circumstance awoke, it was impossible to keep the conversation free from those party topics, which at the moment filled every thought. The Knight made various attempts to discuss the chace, the merits of divers dogs, and of different steeds,—in vain,—interest lay deeper. And unable to prevent the discussion of Catholic and Jacobite views, Protestant fears and suspicions, Sir Christopher was obliged to assume the part of moderator, which it would require all his influence to do effectually. He was aided, however, by the imperturbable self-possession of Roger O'Mahon.

The French king and the Tory ministry bore the first brunt of the indignation and fears of the Hibernian politicians. Lord Shrewsbury next, as a trimmer and a conciliator, was more hateful than an open enemy. Sir Constantine

Phipps, and the foes of "that race of conquerors," the corporation of Dublin, came in next for their share of obloquy and anathema. The *Chef* did not shrink from joining in the war of words, and from setting right some of the gross blunders of the company touching the French king. He even advocated the cause and character of that hated personage, as indeed in duty bound, since he had found him a gracious master. But in this he was opposed and overborne by Sir Christopher himself, who, with true English feeling, stated all the ills which the country had suffered from French interference, and from the bigotry and meddling of Lewis.

"Not the least ill," said the Knight, "which your *Grand Monarque* has entailed on this country is her Penal Laws, and the necessity for them."

Against this the *Chef* exclaimed. But Sir Christopher continued, asserting, "That but for the cruelty and bigotry displayed by Lewis the Fourteenth, the representative, as it were, of Catholic power, against the French Protestants in his *dragonnades*, and his Revocation of

the Edict of Nantes,—the English or Anglo-Irish legislature never could have retaliated, as they have done, upon the Catholics of their country by a code of persecutions tantamount.”

“ You will allow,” said the *Chef*, “ that Titus Oates preceded the Revocation of the Nantes’ Edict, as did your Test Laws ? Lewis might call his cruelty retaliation, if he deigned to excuse it, with still more reason.”

“ Nay, but you cannot at all compare the persecution of the ruling powers of the two countries.”

“ And why not ?”

“ In one, cruelty and persecution, founded upon a breach of faith towards several millions of people, of whom there could be no serious jealousy, no political fear,—who were as peaceable and as quiet subjects as monarch could desire—and for which there could be no motive assigned, save that of satisfying the intolerant scruples of one bigot mind.”

“ In the other ?”

“ In the other, cruelty and persecution, if you will, towards——.”

“ Forget not the breach of faith,” interrupted the *Chef*.

“ Towards a large body of people, but of whom we, an equally large body, have every right to be jealous, every reason to distrust, and from whom we, as well as the Government, have every cause to fear hostility, not only against our creed, but against our liberties, and the existence of the Government.”

“ But why compare different specimens of the unjust,” asked O’Mahon, “ when both are flagrantly so ?”

“ What say you to the expedient ?”

“ Why—that it may have been very expedient for gentlemen adventurers and Protestants, having no lands in their own country, to come and possess ours, upon the title of a purer faith ; and having thus acquired property in injustice, it may be further expedient for them, that we should be oppressed and degraded. Furthermore they, or rather their descendants, which are ye, not finding a King to your mind to support you in these doings, it was no doubt expedient for you to find another more obliging.

Meantime, it being not only expedient but honourable and right, for us to take part with our legitimate monarch, we arm against you. Our panic-struck Monarch abandons us in the struggle. And ye, thinking it but natural, that we, released from our allegiance, should abandon him in turn, treat with us, still armed and unsubdued men, to yield us, guaranteeing the oblivion of the past, and the enjoyment of equal rights. Having thus by treaty and fair words disarmed us and broken up our party, it may further seem expedient to you, that we be extirpated altogether, and taken clean out of your way; you may make laws to that effect, as you have done. But to openly attempt to palliate that atrocity by merely saying, that it is expedient, is what we could not expect from your good sense, however much, in truth, we might expect from your generosity."

This diatribe called forth divers answers, which it was very capable of receiving, in part at least. While some denied the purpose of extirpation.

"I like to hear the Papists talk of being

extirpated," quoth one; "they who live, and wag their tongues against staunch King's men. Ay, by ——, and who ride better hunters than e'er a loyal man among us."

This allusion to poor Saint Gris made the Knight and Chef O'Mahon exchange smiles; and that, slight as it was, tended to abate the then mutual warmth, and to restore the balance of good humour.

"Why," said the *Chef*, "the only way in which ye can defend your laws is, that they will effect our extirpation. And in this, though they are most atrociously unjust, they do not want sense or aim. Deprive them of this, and they are at once as absurd as they are cruel."

"You are right, O'Mahon," said Sir Christopher, whose opinion, as a Parliament-man, was respected, and looked up to as decisive; "they are intended for the extirpation of the Papists; and I am glad that, as such, you do allow them to have sense, and to have aim."

"Granted and agreed on both sides. And now suppose, Sir Christopher Burton, that despite both their cunning and their cruelty, the

said laws fail of their aim, that instead of extirpating the old religion of Rome, they sink its roots deeper in the soil; and that instead of diminishing the wealth and numbers of the Papists, their persecution has the effect of increasing them. What then?"

"Then—why, that's impossible."

"Suppose it possible."

"Why then—abolish the penal laws altogether, as useless lumber. If they won't do what they are made for, let them go. It does not become a Government or a great nation to be spiteful for spite-sake. And true-blue Protestant as I am, confound me, if I could think of keeping the Papist both alive and under for eternity. No, no; death is mercy to a winged bird. Crush, kill, root out, say I—"

Here the knight was interrupted by the applauding cheers of his company.

"Crush, kill, root out," continued he; "but legally, gentlemen, legally, mind; all according to statute. I am a magistrate, and must uphold law. But if we cannot extinguish them,

why, let them e'en live as one of us, and let us be fair friends."

Bigoted as were the assembled Williamites, and inveterate as they were against Papists, they were one and all ready to agree in this concession of the Knight's. They founded the justice of their laws in their expediency, in the necessity of extreme measures to extirpate the sect—to cauterize the sore, as it were; but to keep the searing iron to the joint, after all hope had vanished of its effecting the cure, was a species of idle and gratuitous malice, that even they could not contemplate.

That was reserved for their descendants.

Fortunately the discussion passed without anger. The scene was changed, and the lady-guests made part of it. Drinking was then going out of use, as it has of late, and as indeed it always has for a certain time after a peace with France. The squires lingered or departed, as they pleased. Lady Burton and some of the elders sate down to a game at

ombre. Willomer, aided by Miss Burton's spinette, sung Lord Dorset's song of

“ To all you ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite.”

The *Chef* quavered an air of Lulli's, which was pronounced infinitely superior to one of the wild native melodies sung blushing by Rachel. The tide of gaiety seemed to flow uninterrupted. Even the *Chef* ceased to frown upon Garrett, who in his turn ceased to wince beneath each chance regard of his relative.

“ But where in the world is Amyas all this time ?” asked the Knight. “ He is a moon-struck youth, and dispenses with his dinner at times ; but when music sounded, and women's light robes rustled, I have never known him wanting.”

Rachel coloured at this quere, still more deeply as it remained unanswered, and Willomer failed not to read her anxiety. Anastasia's glance too was directed towards her in search of the answer respecting Amyas, that no one gave. Rachel was internally reproaching herself at

the moment for having already forgotten her ancient lover, who, on her account, she now found but too surely had bid adieu to his home and friends. A painful silence ensued, which Willomer was at length obliged to break with some of the light and mirthful chat in which he abounded.

Devoted as the English officer professed himself to the daughter of O'Mahon, he still continued in appearance to divide his attentions betwixt her and her friend. Nor was Rachel by any means satisfied with the profound courtesy which her admirer paid to Anastasia. He gave her to understand tacitly, however, some necessity for such dissimulation, and with this she was forced to be contented.

The *Chef*, though equally gay, was more reservedly and courteously so than Willomer. There was an air of licentiousness about the English gallant; a freedom, a dash, that savoured of the guard-room and the coffee-house; and this, to the ignorant Rachel, betokened a manifest superiority to the more refined and more mannered tone of the *Chef's*

French politeness. Anastasia saw and distinguished betwixt them with true taste. She could perceive, that there was feeling as well as courtesy in the *Chef*; that he sought to please, not to dazzle; that his mirth was no effort, and his gallantry no affectation. Above all, she saw that she was admired by him, and worthily; and what incense can woman require more flattering and grateful?

Poor Garret was sadly eclipsed betwixt two such accomplished personages; and though he endeavoured at every interval of silence to thrust in his share of conversation, yet it betrayed at each attempt such ignorance and *mal adresse*, that the *Chef* pitied, and was even ashamed of him. Willomer, indeed, showed an inclination once or twice to draw forth the lout, maugre the possibility of thereby offending Rachel, but Roger O'Mahon stretched the buckler before the unconscious Garret; and whilst he held Willomer's wit at bay, and more than once indulged a partial sneer at his expense, he checked at the same time his nephew's braggardism,

covered his silliness, and left his absurdities, if not concealed, at least unexaggerated.

The evening passed, to Anastasia a delightful one. She was charmed and fascinated; and, as her own not contemptible powers of wit and conversation were called forth, the sentiments of her and of Chef O'Mahon were reciprocal. Rachel was delighted, but not equally so. She too, had wit, she felt; but it was paralysed. Her feelings lay too deep, and rose too strong, either to allow of their being expressed, or to permit lighter ones to take their place. She sat silent, and would have been happy, but for the consciousness that so she allowed herself to be eclipsed. Other thoughts, too, troubled her,—the presence of Garret, his inaptness and unworthiness, the evident contempt of Willomer for him, and, what as much hurt and perplexed her, the as evident contempt of the *Chef* for Willomer; for O'Mahon could not avoid bearing in mind the desertion of Garret at the coffee-house affray by his English friend; and this, joined with their mutual and jovial

salutation, when they met again in the halls of Palestine, inspired him with pretty similar opinions of both. What Willomer's motives were or had been, did not occur to him ; nor did he take the trouble to inquire. Coming from a country where gallantry and its forms made an indispensable part of politeness, and the daily intercourse of society, he saw nothing in the attentions of Willomer towards Rachel, more than the universally-applied gallantry of the man of the world.

Master Kit had long since retired to his withdrawing-room, the stable ; and Garret O'Mahon, mortified and affronted at being mocked by Willomer, and outrivalled in the good graces of Anastasia by his uncle, his still Papist uncle, had gone off at length in dudgeon to join the company of Kit Burton and his grooms. The ombre-table had broken up ; the *Chef* and Anastasia separated to mingle in the group ; whilst Willomer seized a moment to pour forth more of his ardent vows in the ear of Rachel.

It was at this instant, when an object of interest was wanting to the languid company, that

one was offered in the sudden re-appearance of Kit Burton, who, hurrying towards the Knight, delivered to his ear some tidings of importance. Such, at least, they appeared to be ; when Sir Christopher instantly quitted his guests, and his lady soon followed his example. There ensued a buzz, an enquiry, a bustle, as usual upon such an occasion ; and the apparent cause soon arrived by whispers from servants' hall to master's, that a special messenger had arrived from the Castle of Dublin. What could it be ? The Queen was dead ? Or the Pretender landed ? Or both ? No one could tell.

We will, however, adjourn at once to the cabinet of the Knight, in order to learn the purport of the important dispatch. Beside Sir Christopher, his lady, and their son, there were present Mr. Attorney and Sub-sheriff M'Crosky, who, hearing in Catherlogh of the arrival of a messenger bound for Palestine, had insisted on accompanying him, being, as he asserted, prime counsellor to the Knight, his man of politics, as well as of private business, without whom nothing could be decided or undertaken.

The first letter that Sir Christopher opened was marked *official*. It was directed to the most worshipful, &c., and ran in part as follows:—

“I need not acquaint you with the insinuations of interested persons, as well as with the fears and beliefs of many credulous ones, who fondly suspect her Majesty’s ministry of a leaning towards the Pretender, and of views and plans towards restoring the exiled family to the throne. These I will not take up your time or my own by delaying to disprove,—his Grace’s presence here as Lord Lieutenant ought sufficiently to repel them. But I must call to your mind the necessity, not only of opposing such treasonous designs, could they be in the contemplation of any, but also of allowing such rumours no basis, no fact to lay hold on, no ground to stand upon, especially at the present juncture. It is therefore that I am desired to acquaint you with the divers informations conveyed to Government touching the late arrival of one Roger O’Mahon, lately in the service of the French

King, and of that notoriously disaffected family, in whose place and lands the valour of your ancestors have placed you, with the especial task of overlooking and overawing the descendants of the old O'Mahon from using the influence which the state has still left them towards its detriment.

“I am moreover desired by his Excellency to request you to examine on the spot into the worth of the charges made against the said O'Mahon, to join to their consideration his conduct since his arrival in the country, and to use your own discretion with respect to him, either in allowing him further time and latitude to implicate himself and betray his views, or in at once causing his arrest, and sending him prisoner hither for examination of the Council, and the satisfaction of his Excellency, &c.”

Here followed the signature of the Secretary of State, and with the letter came enclosed the deposition of—the paper fell from the hands of the knight—Garret O'Mahon. It set forth, how the arrival of Roger O'Mahon had come to his knowledge, principally by the Jacobite

vapouring of the latter in a public coffee-house, and that when he took upon him to repel the treasonable assertions, an immediate assault from him was the result. Other sources of information told, that the said Roger O'Mahon was suspected of not being one of those who emigrated from Limerick, and who from that treaty were so to do, and to experience indulgence on their return. His age seemed rather to indicate that he had emigrated since that, and gone abroad for the purposes of service or education ; which was contrary to statute, and subjected him to heavy penalties. It was known, moreover, that he had been a body-guard of King Lewis, and fought in his war against the English and the States General. And such circumstances afforded strong presumptions, that the aforesaid was a French and Jacobite emissary sent to communicate with the Rapparees and other wild and disorderly persons in the county of Catherlogh.

To this was tacked the information of the gunsmith of the Castle-hill in the city of Dublin, which tallied precisely with the subject of

all the former, both as to his identity, his violent character and manner, and his disaffected language.

Some of the Orange journals had also caught hold of the simple fact of the *Chef*'s return to his native land, had exaggerated its import and consequences in the usual party style, and sounded therein the trumpet of alarm to all the Williamite faction, accusing the English ministry of treason, and their Irish delegates of supineness.

The letter of the Secretary was merely official. It was accompanied by another epistle marked private, which went to instruct the person addressed in the true wishes and views of the ruling party. It was not from the Secretary, but from a very leading and important personage, an ecclesiastic too, who, from the manifest and disinterested love that he bore the Church, contrived to meddle in and direct all things in the state also ; the latter having ever been in the Island of Saints quite a subordinate department and consideration to the former. In England the altar may be a buttress to the throne ; in Ireland the throne is

but a buttress to the altar. The personage in question, though holding no office, no civil office, save a mass of sinecures, dared, nevertheless, in his simple capacity of privy counsellor, to act as a kind of second and rival secretary of state, if not as a rival chief governor himself. Both aristocracy and magistracy throughout the land were far more obedient to his suggestions, than to the official orders that emanated from the Castle. Not seldom, indeed, as in the present instance, these were made to bear, within their very envelope, the counter-orders of his irresponsible and very Reverend High Mightiness, always modifying, if not counteracting, the wishes of the Government.

“You know,” wrote this Magnate to the Knight of Palestine, “that the principal wish of our new English officials is, to keep all as quiet with the Jacobites as possible. They would have their thrones to be beds of roses. But it is our interest, and Ireland’s interest, to stir them. The time is approaching, that they must see is favourable to theirs. That they do see it, and look hither for effecting some-

thing, the mission of Lord Auchinlech, who must be somewhere concealed in the country, though we cannot discover his retreat or disguise, is a sufficient proof. It is their last chance, and they should be taught to look upon it as such, and be goaded to take advantage of it. Without another rising, we shall never get the better of the Papists. They are still too strong, too numerous, too deeply rooted; and nothing short of an actual bill of exile, a putting of the cope-stone to the barrier of the Penal Statutes, can put an end to them. Our Parliament, cordial as it is, and honest and amenable as it is, can never be brought to this without some show of reason, some provocation. Could we not provide them with that? I cannot but believe that an active man in each province, *interested* in the success of the scheme, could effect it. You understand me. You may let this Irish Frenchman have his rein, with a leash of true beagles at his heels, giving no tongue till he is earthed, and then—You see, I understand sport.”

“ P. S. We must have a new L. L., one for

work, not sport. The feminine gender in politics will not do for Ireland."

The latter letter was not so freely communicated by the Knight to his counsellors, as was the former. Neither advice nor views were wanting, however. All were sufficiently keensighted, and saw the devious track of their interest before them without a clue. The Knight alone was perplexed.

"Why do they write to me?" exclaimed he. "I know nothing of all this. Confound the arch-priest, how he orders and lords it!—and his beagles too. Does he take me for Mr. Attorney M'Crosky?"

"But 'Torney M'Crosky at your worship's back," said that identical personage: "is it not all the same thing? Right well myself knew what was coming—that we'd have to sow a few thorns in the new comer's bed some of these days, and drive him to a breach of the peace, and put the *combhithir* of the law upon him. And what else was I driving at, without e'en a secretary's, or arch-priest's bidding, but by instinct, as a body might say, but this very

thing? And had your honour's worship but let me have pinned the tall horse from under him, the business would have been done afore it was bidden, and great thanks and mighty words would have been coming down for the same. Mister O'Mahon well spited, for a Papist's blood turns sour in a twinkling, would have been amongst the Rapparees by this time; and we'd have been down horse and foot upon the Aireach, as they call him in their lingo, as suspect, and worried and harried, till Corramahon wasn't worth an inian's paring. And your knightly worship might have driven your domain-wall around it, as asy, ay! as you would your coach and six."

"You are always going too far with matters, Mister Sub-sheriff M'Crosky," said Lady Burton. "The heir of Corramahon is Protestant, and the land will be ours sufficiently, without a tithe of its value, or rather I should say, a third of it, passing into your legal hands in one shape or another."

"Into mine?" quoth the Attorney. "I am the moderateest man of parchment in Cather-

logh. I am a man of principle, as any honest true blue man will bear me witness. And it's all for ascendancy I am, and the Burtons for ever—and its up to my neck in the Barrow I'd go to sarve you, and have——”

“ Nay, M'Crosky, 'tis not lack of zeal, but superabundance of it, that I blame in you.”

“ Cheer up, my little heart !” said Kit, placing a consoling tap upon the Attorney's back. “ Kit Burton will stick by you, if no one else will. Garret may be let alone, and the old boy, Ignatius, for his sake ; but your lofty-wigged Frenchman yonder, what right or claim hath he to protection ?”

“ He is a gentleman bred and spoken,” said the Knight, “ rides hard, loves a joke, and is worth a dozen squireens, like your comrades of to-day, Kit. He is worth his weight in gold in this savage country.”

“ His head may be, anon,” quoth the Sub-sheriff.

“ There is truth in what the Knight says,” observed Lady Burton.

“Then the whole upshot of the business is, you have fallen in love with the Jacobite,” said Kit.

“Me!” said her Ladyship: “you are a rude youth. I but stake an opinion—you may do with him what you will.”

“There can be no harm in keeping a look out,” said Sir Christopher; “but no eaves-dropping, M‘Crosky, nothing too close; no hard-mouthed spies; none, in short, of your especial manœuvres. He is as honest a Papist as well can be, and shall have fair play, by St. George! He is a man of the world, I do believe; one who cares no more than they are worth, for Pope or Pretender. Besides, he hath eaten of my venison and drank of my wine, and I’ll stand betwixt him and the damned law—(the Attorney could have crossed himself,)—ay, though you, M‘Crosky, and the Primate himself, should press him. And I shall write my opinion on the subject to the Castle this night.”

“Have a care, Knight,” said his Lady.

“If you want to save the Frenchman, Sir

Christopher," said M'Crosky, "I'd be after advising you to put another face than that upon it. Say, you'll keep an eye on him, you'll take care of him, and sorrow a thought will the junta spend upon him. But if you take his part openly, it's yourself you'll be blackening, without whitening of him. And may be the County of Catherlogh might be opening its eyes to a new *Custos Rotulorum*, or in other words, to a new head-man and magistrate one of these days."

"They dare not, Sir; the Duke of Shrewsbury himself durst not; mark me! You are impertinent, Sir, to threaten. Besides, I tell you the Secretary's letter is mild and sensible, and conciliatory enough, and prompts no harsh measures."

"Mighty conciliatory, ay sure, the 'fishal letter. But the other, what does it say, eh?"

"It matters not, Master M'Crosky. I'll be lord in my own barony at any rate. So I say again, keep eyes out, as you will; but hands off. I'll take your advice, however, in

writing to the Castle. Perhaps you had better stay the night, my good Sub, and see what may be done in the morning. I am but a sad blunderer upon paper."

"Troth and that's not the silliest word you've said the night; and as I have a little matter to settle with ould O'Mahon the morrow on Master Garret's account—"

"What is that, M'Crosky?"

"Why the allowance, that we can't get in solid money out of him any how; natural, seeing he hasn't it, and the country hasn't it. And Master Garret, who wants cash for his slash pocket, won't fash himself with it in kind; so I must e'en take the corn, and the beeves, and the produce myself, and give value to the heir."

"Garret is an oaf!" quoth the Knight, "and thou a Jew, M'Crosky."

"A true blue Protestant, every inch, as my father was afore me."

"False, to my especial knowledge; for the Enniskilliners hanged him at Leighlin Bridge for a Tory."

“That was a bit of a mistake of the gallant Enniskilliners,” pleaded the Attorney.

“And yet you’re ready to make the same *mistake*, as you call it, with poor O’Mahon.”

“Sure it’s the custom of the counthry, your worship,” said the Sub-sheriff with a shrug.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE danger and imprisonment that menaced Chef O'Mahon, as indeed it did all those called "wild geese," who had emigrated to France before the war, and now returned, though late, to pay a passing visit to their surviving relatives and to the land of their birth, was thus averted by the friendly and generous feelings of the Knight of Palestine. This was not a little to Master Kit's mortification, and to that of the Sub-sheriff, who, ere he left Palestine, took an opportunity to turn down a page in the recent volume of the Statutes for the Knight's especial edification. It ran as follows:—

"That all magistrates and other persons whatsoever, who knowingly and wilfully neg-

lect or omit to put the laws to disarm Papists, and to prevent them from keeping serviceable horses, in due execution, are betrayers of the liberties of the kingdom, and enemies to the quiet of the Protestant interest thereof."

Despite of such hints as these, and such good wishes as they evinced towards the *Chef*, he continued, as well as Rachel, in passing amity with the family of Palestine. He hunted with the Knight, gave anecdotes and accounts of the court and courtiers of *Louis le Grand* to the aristocratic Lady Burton, and propitiated even Kit himself by communicating to him the French mode of shooting in *battue*, now the modern, murderous, and dandy mode of sport.

Pretexts for gaiety and conviviality are always snatched at in Ireland, and a round of fêtes and pleasurable meetings was continued, that kept heads in a turmoil, and hearts in a flutter.

It was fortunate for Willomer, who carried on his sighings and his wooings, and who, already possessed of the heart of Rachel, pleaded the certainty of the Aireach's rejection of his

suit with anger, as a Protestant and a Williamite, and who therefore proposed divers expedients, which Rachel shrunk from in prudence.

Chef O'Mahon seemed to have made equal progress with Anastasia. Garret at least thought so, and felt so; for the demeanour of the lady had grown doubly chilling towards him. Roger O'Mahon himself, however, was no stripling, likely to be taken with the first glance of a female, however lovely. He was not in the bud, but in the prime of manhood; and had looked on, and been regarded by, as bright eyes as most youths of his time.

There was another little event in his history too, that very much disinclined him from that step to which men are ever so willing and so prone, viz. to fall in love. When he had arrived in France, and had been placed by the interest of Lord Lucan in the body-guard of the King, the sudden change from the solitude of Corramahon, and the society of serfs or barbarians, to the brilliant and seductive court of Versailles, could not but have its natural effect upon one

so young. The scene seemed unreal, so bright was it, so happy, so gay ! The metamorphose seemed a dream ; and not the mere perusal, but the fantastic realization of some of the most gorgeous pictures of the Arabian Nights, would scarcely have produced a more bewitching and intoxicating illusion.

When the imagination is thus heated, the heart is most susceptible, and less guarded from the attack of wild and ambitious passion by the sober whisper of reason. The young *Garde*, or page, for he was no more, too, shone in all the beauty and health of Irish high birth and rustic breeding. His race and caste had not then sunk, as since, into vulgarity and self-neglect. It was yet the companion of monarchs, and of a monarch's followers ; and in the still-upheld balance of parties, the old Irish Catholic families had not so utterly sunk into insignificance and servitude, as they had since been driven. At least, the effect of this had not time to show itself upon themselves and their children.

No marvel, then, that bright eyes were at-

tracted to bestow a passing glance upon young O'Mahon ; less marvel that he should return them ; and that glances so meeting and so exchanged, betwixt the lovely and the young, should call forth mutual blushing, which should serve as little mementos ; and thence, recurring to the thought, should be laid hold upon as stuff wherewith fancy might form a hero or a mistress, or whereon she might build a fair fabric in the air.

It was after this manner that the image of Lady Susan Talbot had been impressed upon the vision of young O'Mahon, and had continued the object of his reveries. A year had elapsed and advanced him in growth and services, ere circumstances allowed him to approach the mistress of his thoughts, to address to her the words of politeness and of gallantry, then and there synonymous. This forced silence and brooding served to stamp deeper the precocious passion of the youth.

The lady was either a grand-niece or granddaughter of Lord Tyrconnel, who had been James's favourite, his Lord Lieutenant in Ire-

land, and his companion in exile. In rank in short, and state, she was a star far above the cadet of a fallen Irish family, a mere body-guard in the service of the French King, who himself had often honoured Lady Susan with his attentions and smiles. She was lovely, indeed, as the imagination of youth, for once truth-telling, depicted her to young O'Mahon. In addition to these many and obvious causes of impediment and hopelessness was, that the lady was his elder; not very many years certainly; but still as we ascend the hill of life, whereon all look forward, at most on each side of them, but never revert their gaze, a few steps in advance is a greater separation than treble the interval upon life's summit or decline.

Nevertheless, with the ardour and defiance of either probability or consequence that distinguishes an Irishman's daring, whether in love or in ambition, the stripling O'Mahon hoped, and dared, and even spoke.

The latter probably he would not have ventured, but upon some provocation, some sparkling smile, which, though it might have been

half excited by his audacity, appeared to him, naturally enough, a flattering though not unjust appreciation of his sincerity and warmth.

The youth was eloquent—he was impassioned; and his earnestness and feeling spoke for him beyond his years. The lady listened, and listened, as she could alone listen to such a suitor, in secret. She was at the moment heart free, and suitor-free, and she replied to the youth's passion with a warmth that satisfied him, and with words that raised him to the paradise of his age.

To both the hour was sweet—with him it was a lasting sweet. The intoxicating thought of being loved, brought, every hour he pondered longer upon it, still deeper, still more rapturous enthusiasm. With the lovely and mature Lady Susan, it was otherwise. She was of that age, when indeed prudence, mere worldly prudence, that of vanity or ambition, is often sacrificed at the shrine of passion; but she was also of the rational age and time when passion and all else is sacrificed to a fear of ridicule; and loving a boy was ridiculous. She therefore, having ele-

vated poor Roger O'Mahon to the fool's paradise, and having rocked him there a given time to the most luscious of dreams and slumbers, roused him rather abruptly and cruelly from it, by espousing one bright morning, in the chapel of St. Germain, Lord Auchinlech, a young Jacobite noble, who had preserved a considerable portion of the wreck of his fortunes, and who was prepared to devote both them and his zeal to the cause of the Stuarts.

This was a dreadful blow to young O'Mahon, who fell senseless on the news; was taken with a fever in consequence; was long confined and in danger; interested the whole Court when the story became known, and started from his illness with such notoriety, and such a character for sensibility, that could he have mustered up heart and courage for gallantry afresh, he might certainly have succeeded with the proudest and the fairest of Versailles.

Roger O'Mahon, however, was vastly ashamed of his thus acquired celebrity. He regretted it, though it advanced him; for he was instantly appointed to a favoured regiment. Less honour-

able causes of promotion have been attended to ; but at the same time he felt that it communicated to him an air of burlesque, that he could not shake off. He was too chivalrous to hate the sex ; he, however, all but hated it. He dreaded it, and kept his heart, for a long time after, mailed against all its fascinations. He did not indeed fly society ; the officer of an active corps has neither leisure nor opportunity for misanthropy. He mingled as before, was as gay, was as gallant, and was not the less agreeable, or the less sentimental for the little ordeal he had passed. On the contrary it made him free of many secrets, and gave him a talisman to make his way into the good graces of many ; himself secure, it taught him to extract the sweet, and defy the poison. And without any diabolic purpose of revenging his individual wrongs upon womankind, it is certain that it was his fate, unintentionally, to mortify many, and to inflict on others a portion of what he had himself been made to feel.

This habitual disposition still reigned in his breast ; and yet his return to his native land

had so called forth his more genial feelings, and made them take the start of his acquired and prudential ones, that he certainly at that period felt more disposed to give headlong into affection than since his first unfortunate plunge he had ever been. Life and its circumstances afford these moments of weakness, these *molliæ tempora*, even to the most indurated ; and there are known those who, never having thrown off their prudential armour till their very age, were hit even then by the little God's dart ; so that their wariness hath tended but to a worse discomfiture.

At this critical time did O'Mahon behold Anastasia Burton, and not without effect. With her, haughty and spoiled, as those who in youth behold but their inferiors, it was a caprice, her desire to cultivate the acquaintance of the *Chef*, just returned from France, then as still, in part, the fabulous land of fashion and of taste : and no doubt, had she at first felt or foreseen the deep cast that her feelings were about to assume, she would have shrunk from, not sought him.

O'Mahon himself was held back by other causes than his characteristic dread of woman-kind; he was reluctant to become the rival of his nephew Garret, contemptible as he was. He was still more reluctant to direct his views towards the daughter of an Orange Aristocrat, who, however liberal, must have reciprocal objections towards a connection with such as O'Mahon; and to dissemble his views, or veil his addresses, did not suit his principles of honour and independence. Still admiring, therefore, he drew back, set a guard upon his words and actions, enough of his admiration escaping to fan the flame kindling in the breast of Anastasia, and yet beset with the alternating cold fits and dissembling, that tend to the same effect through contrary means.

Garret, however, since the arrival of his accomplished uncle, had been completely thrown off. He had lost all ground of hope, which existed, though languidly, before. The Knight's and even Lady Burton's favour seemed to have diminished towards him; the change in both dating from the same period, and owing, no

doubt, to the same cause. Still he was always given to understand that her Ladyship's views, and consequently Sir Christopher's, who would not interfere in these matters, were unchanged with respect to him. This alone restrained him from at once abandoning the field, and yet he only lingered to endure fresh mortifications, to suffer and to render himself worthy of fresh contempt.

Roger had behaved towards him with every forbearance and friendship; expostulated, reasoned with him, and though he despaired of reconverting him to the creed of his family and ancestors, a task for which he thought and wrongly thought, that he wanted theological information;—yet he did all in his power to wean Garret from the company of Major Willomer and other dissipated officers of Lord Deloraine's, whose intentions were evidently to exercise their ingenuity, as wits and sharpers, upon him.

Garret, however, rejoicing in the feeling of independence that his filial impiety had acquired for him, scorned all counsel, as derogatory to

it ; and despite of Willomer's first behaviour to him, he eagerly sought his company and friendship. Palestine, too, ceased to be an agreeable sojourn ; and Catherlogh-streets became in consequence a more agreeable sphere for the display of his buckism and his pride. A third of the rents of Corramahon were sequestered and paid to the spendthrift ; at least such part of said third as M'Crosky did not contrive to intercept in the shape of fees, discount, commission, &c. But the sum, whilst its subtraction narrowed the ill-economised means of the Aireach, enabled his son to lord it amongst the provincial beaus of Catherlogh.

It at the same time rendered him a tempting object of plunder to Willomer and Lord Deloraine's. He became, indeed, a frequent guest at their mess-table, and even meditated the procuring a commission therein, for the sake of wearing a red coat, and enjoying all its manifold privileges of admiration and swaggering.

Time, however, is not killed in idle company with impunity. How were wet days and

tipsy evenings to be got over? Garret soon learned

“to throw the merry main,”

and to such a soul-less being as he, it soon came to render all other pastimes insipid. Wil-
lomer, and still more his subalterns, failed not
to gratify Master Garret in his propensity;
and the final result was such as might be ex-
pected, that the son of O'Mahon was soon
plucked and penniless.

Had the oppressive penal statutes gone but
so far as to entitle the converted heir of the
Catholic proprietor to one third of his father's
revenues, Garret's continued losses would have
been a just and perhaps a useful punishment.
The law, however, went farther, by declaring
the Catholic so situated with respect to a son,
who had embraced the Protestant religion, but
as holding his interest for life. The property
was assured, was entailed, as it were, upon the
heir so converted; and the parent was pro-
hibited from either alienating or willing it
away. Hence it fell within the unfortunate
Garret's power, to raise what money he pleased

upon these future expectations, that if he lived and remained firm in Protestantism, the law assured to him. But as there was a possibility of the latter, as well as of the former, it may be supposed what was the usurious rate at which he raised it in that remote period, and in that uncivilized and unmonied land. M'Crosky, however, was ready to advance and to oblige; Lord Deloraine's were not wearied of winning; and Garret's headlong ardour after ruin did not cease, until he was as poor in the future as in the present, and until Master M'Crosky had laid by, in lieu of his gold, the bonds that were to be to him the title-deeds of Corramahon.

Garret O'Mahon was thus driven gradually to ruin and desperation; nor was it without misgivings and resolutions of prudence. But as these are seldom of avail, unless when they embrace virtue, as well as self-interest, and as Garret could not bring himself to the step of recurring to his ancient creed and his father's forgiveness, he still stumbled on in his course of dissipation. He was like a shipwrecked

person struggling with the water, and at intervals rousing up all his strength for exertion ere he sunk. One of these fits of his was to seek Anastasia Burton once more, and endeavour to win from her the assent which was so long delayed. Garret was worked up by the pressing necessity of his situation, and this communicated to him a courage and a manliness that he usually wanted. It was too late. Anastasia was inexorable, had now other views, and was prepared to brave even her parents' resentment, rather than leave her unworthy suitor a moment's longer hope. She was, therefore, peremptory. A scene ensued ; and Garret fled from Palestine in a paroxysm of rage and despair.

He was ruined, despised, cheated in substance and of peace ; wounded in heart as far as that could be, at least deeply mortified in vanity. He had gained nought by all his crimes, save the dreadful consciousness of them. More than all, his apostasy weighed upon him, as it must fearfully upon all, who, without powerful and well-informed minds, throw off

the authority of that menacing, and awe-imposing church, the Catholic. To retrace his steps in this respect could not be done without facing his injured parent, and this he wanted courage even to imagine. He could not entertain the idea:—what resource was left him? as he walked hurriedly from Palestine to Carlow, suicide occurred for the first time to him.

The example of Amyas Burton, who from disgust and disappointment had betaken himself to a strange land and foreign service, occurred to him, but had no charms to tempt him to imitate it. He was of too dogged a temperament to take vengeance of adversity, by thus flying in her face. The sullen and the selfish termination of his life and woes together, struck him as the better and the nobler remedy; and the thoughts of it, strange to say, gave a high, a savage, and half-factitious excitement to his spirits.

He had still, however, somewhat left; and to stake it at once was his resolve. Fortune, thought he, might turn round to follow me at

the last. And Garret O'Mahon accordingly betook himself to a kind of club, formed by the gay and the dissipated of the provincial town, the better to kill time, and gain or get rid of each other's money. Here he staked and threw, resolved, if unsuccessful, that it should be for the last time : and Fortune, or the fortune of gaming, seemed to smile on him at the first ; but it was only as if with sensible maliciousness to excite him once more, and thus make the last fall from such hope more conclusive. He lost all, and fled from the scene, as so many before and since have done, with his mind worked up to the last act of despair.

His steps were turned to the broad and rapid stream of the Barrow. He darted down a kind of lane, that led thither from the chief street of the town ; and on its brink paused, struck with the contrast betwixt the lighted, heated noisy den of vice, and the dark awful stillness of nature, into which he had rushed. The river plashed and wailed, and swept on in its murmuring course beneath him ; the stars shone in its depths immeasurably down, and

their light appalled him. The night air chilled his frame and his purpose together. A crowd of boats laden with turf, were seen at intervals along the bank, with each its fire and its crew, its signs of life; and the unhappy youth strode away to avoid them. He proceeded up the stream, in dreadful communings with himself, lashing himself up to the resolution that he meditated, tasking his imagination to present all his disgusts, his worthlessness, his hopelessness. And fully did it fulfil that duty; but it was impartial, for it also showed the shadowy horrors of the grave he sought. The physical terrors of the religion he had slighted, though not altogether shaken off, came too in array to thwart his resolution.

It may be here remarked, that the Roman Catholic religion, experience shows, is the most effectual in preventing suicide. Theists, and the thoughtless in matters of creed, are of course most given to it; but zealots, and the zealous-bred of all reformed churches, offer frequent examples of this crime, rare amongst the followers of the Popedom. Catholicism may owe

this to its errors, and its assumptions. Most probably it does ; but such is its effect.

There are certain crimes, such as sudden suicide, and some others, which if one once contemplates, they have the nature of the basilisk in them, which fascinates and draws on the victim to commit them. This is the only way of accounting for such crimes so often committed without any sufficient motive, and with the appearance of proceeding from fatality.

In Garret O'Mahon, the struggle betwixt his fear and his despair was long. His walk extended far up the river ; and his resolution and faintings from purpose were many. He could not resolve : he could not give over the thought ; till at length the pain of his irresolution became greater than either his fears of the next world, or his despair in this. The combat within him maddened and distracted his brain ; and he took at length, and almost upon the resolve of a single second's durance, the fatal plunge. A loud splash proclaimed the deed achieved, and the silent bank of the river echoed it.

Two or three miles from Carlow, tracing upwards the stream of the Barrow, stands an ancient nunnery, or rather the ruins of one. The front, however, and the portal are still perfect, or were at least some fifteen years since ; as were, perhaps, still some turrets and narrow chambers, of which the imagination of a dreamer or romancer might make much. In the days of my story, it was all as ruined, though more bare ; for the ivy had not then wound its green way round it, and cicatrized and bound up, as it were, the wounds that devastation had made.

Of the penal laws against the Catholics, none were more zealously observed and strictly enforced, than those against Popish regulars, against monks and nuns, and all the conventional tribe. Death was the least punishment that awaited them ; and yet despite of this, these devoted beings, though seemingly for no earthly purpose, were known to haunt their old abodes ; and flutter, like moths about the hostile flame that threatened to consume them. Hence the nunnery in question—and its name

escapes me, though the scene in which it stands, its ivied wall, its ancient portal, its venerable trees, tenanted by a deafening rookery, are as vividly before me as the lamp that lights my pen—was frequented by such of those persecuted priesthood, who for political or other purposes visited or lingered in Ireland. In this it resembled the old fort of Corramahon. And here, also, were likely to be found such Jacobite emissaries as might venture from time to time into the kingdom, to keep alive the memory of the Stuarts, and at the same time the spirit of revolt to the existing Government.

It happened to be nearly opposite this antique pile, that the miserable Garret had taken his fatal leap ; and fortunately for him, he had been observed by three persons, who at the instant stood beneath its portal. The plunge of the suicide was followed by another, the hand of the rescuer reached him, seized him, dragged him ashore ; and the lifeless Garret was borne within the ruined building for aid and resuscitation.

As soon as light fell on the features of the

half drowned wretch, his preserver exclaimed, "Gracious God ! it is my nephew Garret !"

"The end that might have been foretold of the Apostate !" exclaimed the voice of the same ecclesiastic whom the reader once overheard in colloquy with Ulick O'More in the fort of Corramahon, and who had descended from the building. Of the remaining two, one was a shrouded cavalier-looking personage ; and the other a female, lady-like and lovely, but bearing no resemblance whatever to either Rachel O'Mahon or Anastasia Burton.

CHAPTER IX.

'TWAS a night in June, still chill in that region, despite the approach of Midsummer. The inmates of Corramahon, at least, found it so, for the turf was piled high, and the merry blaze ascended from the grateless hearth. Ignatius seated, was rolling his lack-lustre eye, now contemplating the flickering flame, and now fixing his regard upon his daughter. Rachel, more silent, more pale, and more wayward than usual, struck and perplexed her parent by her altered mien and demeanour. It was late. And Shulah, too, her household-work terminated, had come, with the freedom of the times and the privilege of a favoured domestic, to seat herself on the floor, opposite the blazing hearth, betwixt the Aireach and Rachel.

“ You are confoundedly sad, Rachel,” said Ignatius : “ what ails thee ?”

“ Me !” said Rachel, starting and blushing. “ I do not know ; it must be the weather, or the vapours.”

“ That ’s a disorder which you must have learned at Palestine. I never read of it in our old Irish calendar.”

“ When uncle is away, too, the house is so stupid.”

“ You used not to think it so. When you would sit the live-long evening, singing *chro-nauns* to your old father, or allowing Amyas’ quiet gaiety to amuse us both—poor Amyas !”

Rachel hung down her head.

“ Nay, girl, though I pity him, I do not chide you. You were right, Rachel ; justly proud ; true to the spirit of your sires, whose blood mingles not with that of upstarts, whose hand joins not the hand of their persecutors. I would sooner thee dead, than linked to one of them. But why weep, girl, when I praise ye ?”

“ Because I do not deserve my father’s praise,” said Rachel.

“ Come hither, my girl, thou dost deserve it. Art thou not now my only child, my only dutiful child, the stay and solace of my gray hairs ?”

As Ignatius dragged his daughter towards him in paternal tenderness, she resisted in anguish ; for each word was a reproach, keen as a dagger to her heart.

“ Nay, be gentle at least, my child,” continued the affectionate parent ; “ and do not lose temper as well as spirits. There,” and he let go her hand ; “ I will not importune thee. To trifle ruffles your dignity, and all the stately rules you have learned at Palestine. Fondness, too, is vulgar, is it ? Ah me ! what it is to be old, and out of the world, and unseasonably gay. Gay—why should I be gay ?” And the countenance of Ignatius stiffened from the expression of playful and paternal fondness to that of pique and sadness ?

“ Be not angry with me, father,” said Rachel, the tear starting ; for her heart was full.

“ Angry ! me angry, you jade ! My passion is no trifle. You never saw me angry, Rachel.”

“ I did ; and the recollection haunts me.”

“ Ay, true ; when that boy—but mention him not—curse him ! curse him ! ”

“ Out, tout ! what be ye mutterin’, man ? ” quoth Shulah, “ throwin’ a faather’s curse, as if it war a stone in the sthrame. Ye know not what may be passin’ in the heart of him this night ; the saints and the devil struggling for the soul of him, and ye’s go to cast the like o’ that upon his neck.” Shulah took out her beads as she spoke, crossed herself, and told them to the time of many a rapid prayer ; a kind of counter incantation, that the humane old Christian muttered, to oppose the dire influence of the Aireach’s curse.

A long silence ensued ; each full of their thoughts, father and daughter bitterly so ; and an unusual heaviness hung upon both. Shulah bustled about to prepare supper ; and when it was prepared, it lay long untasted. They were awaiting the coming of the *Chef*. He still delayed his appearance, though the accustomed hour had long past.

“ Musha then, what can Father Patrick and Master Roger be about the long night, that

they beant a comin’,” exclaimed Shulah, rubbing both her elbows with impatience. “It’s a stranger, they’ll be bringin’ wid ’em,” prophesied she, from the hints of said elbows.

Father Patricius came in at the instant; and Ignatius cheered up somewhat, that his welcome of the ecclesiastic might seem unforced and hospitable.

“Ye have kept us here idle and fasting, good father. Repay us with an account of your adventures.”

“’Tis what I come for. But how shall I begin? I have not breath. You must forgive your son, your wretched son, O’Mahon.”

The ire of Ignatius kindled. He had been just pondering upon his graceless offspring; and the address of Father Patricius seemed to betoken a conspiracy, a plot to entrap and force his forgiveness by surprise.

“Let him dare to intrude upon my presence,” said the Aireach, rising.

Rachel became alarmed. And Patricius, who had made use of his speed to forewarn and prepare the Aireach somewhat for what was to shock him, knew not how to fulfil his purpose.

“Alas!” said he, “Aireach, here is no time for resentment: be calm. Your son——”

“Forgive him, father!” cried Rachel, throwing herself at his feet, seizing the same belief, and, forming the same expectations, as he did.

“No!” cried the injured parent, “never! though he were borne in a corpse before my sight!”

“Man of passion and rash words, behold him then!” cried the priest, as the door was flung open, and Roger O’Mahon entered, bearing the corpse, for such it seemed, of the unfortunate Garret before the eyes of his father. He for a moment stood aghast and stiff.

“There’s your son for you, avic!” cried Shulah, pointing in equal horror. Ignatius burst from his trance, and flung himself upon the dead body of his son.

The days and weeks that elapsed immediately after this event, passed for the inmates of Corramahon such as may be well imagined. The spark of life was found not to be extinct in Garret. He revived, but not for a long time, to health. The fever that was produced by agitation and exhaustion, threatened to throw

him back into the grave, from which he had been rescued. His father watched by his bedside. His anxiety and tenderness, resentment, and every cause of it, forgotten. Rachel, too, found in tending her brother an occupation of thought and time, an interest, that struggled with other anxieties, and relieved her from their oppressions.

During this period, although it was one of anxiety and gloom, another inmate had been added to the society of Corramahon; and at such a time, nothing but necessity could have led to, or sanctioned such intrusion. The lady, for it was a female, passed in the household by the name of Sister Susan; and was supposed to be one of those hapless nuns, who still lingered in a country where her existence was proscribed, in the vain hope, perhaps, either of a revolution in the Government, or a relaxation of its severe laws.

It was the same person, with whom Roger O'Mahon was in company, in the ruined nunnery, when he had heard and saved Garret; and owing to *his* wish and introduction, it no

doubt was, that she now partook of the shelter and hospitality of Corramahon. Her residence there was not, indeed, without danger to herself and to those who harboured her. Her stay, however, was understood to be but temporary, and to last merely until a vessel could be found in some southern port, in which she might be transported to the shores of France. Since her coming, a sentinel was always on the look-out; and when any Orange, or magisterial, or military personage was observed to approach, or take the road to Corramahon, the *Sœur* and *Frère Patrice* were wont to take shelter in the fort, or even to extend their retreat farther towards O'More's country, and to the wild fastnesses and lurking-places of the hills.

Meantime, the attempt at self-destruction committed by their convert Garret was known at Palestine, and to all the Orange fraternity in Carlow. The mess of Lord Deloraine's applauded his courage, and thought it only equalled by his shrewdness. M'Crosky it affected deeper: the youth's attempt, had it not

been frustrated, would have been fatal to his mighty and cheaply-purchased hopes of fortune. And even rescued, and living as he was, should he recant, the circumstance would throw M'Crosky's right into doubt and litigation, by exciting against him no less a claimant than the then reigning sovereign of the British realms, to whom the lands of the relapsed Protestant might become forfeit.

The ruling powers of Palestine, too, were awkwardly placed by the circumstance. An union betwixt their daughter and such a person as Garret had rendered himself, became no longer to be contemplated. Then, the existence of such a contract or intention alone excused Sir Christopher Burton to the Government or the governing junta, for his lenience and even defence of the O'Mahons. Roger, too, had won his way to friendship, and more than friendship, at Palestine.

The present event, however, altered the case. The son of O'Mahon, of whose connexion and attachment to them they had cause

to be proud, as extirpating the existence of wealthy Catholicism from their neighbourhood, was now in his paternal home, and, of course, under paternal influence. His relapse was probable, if not certain. This awakened all the dormant bigotry of Lady Burton, and even of the Knight himself; who felt, though without a shadow of reason, that he had been tricked in the manner that the *Chef* had carried off Garret. Roger was therefore no longer welcomed warily at Palestine, and the old wars of mutual rivalry and hatred seemed preparing to break out betwixt the families.

Meantime, Willomer was annoyed at the consequences of Master Garret's blunder, inasmuch as it excluded Rachel O'Mahon from his sight and his powers of fascination. He had always paid, nevertheless, an indefinite kind of court to Anastasia—that convenient degree of light tenderness, that may be laughed away into unmeaningness, or deepened by oaths and vows into devotedness, as occasion or a new whim may suggest. The total removal of Garret, and the coldness with which their late favourite, the

Chef, was met at Palestine, opened room for him there, and he had some mind to take serious advantage of it.

However, his *amourette*, as he called it, with Rachel, touched him nearer for the moment ; and since he was now precluded from seeing her in the gay society of either Corramahon or Catherlogh, he determined to visit her at her home, where he had no doubt he could make himself welcomed by the Aireach, though the *Chef*, who had made him out in a manner, might look cold. To inquire for the health of his friend Garret was a most specious excuse, that would overcome grudge and even suspicion ; and armed, therefore, with this pretext, he sallied forth from the town with dog and gun, in order to pass his time by the way agreeably, and bent his steps to the dwelling of the O'Mahons.

Leisurely as he wandered, and little formidable as was his appearance, his movements were nevertheless observed, and his distant coming signified at Corramahon. The priest Patricius and sister Susan accordingly retired to their refuge in the woods ; but as the warn-

ing merely went to the probability of the intrusion being only that of a chance or idle visitor, they were not particular in ensconcing themselves, or retreating to an efficient hiding-place. They followed a path-way in the woods sufficiently sheltered, as they thought, from mortal eye.

Willomer, however, had determined on his part to take the garrison by surprise, fearing, in the then state of the household, to be denied admission, if he otherwise approached it. He therefore took also to the woods, of which Rachel had long since taught him the paths. And the officer started, in consequence, upon the *religieur* and the *religieuse*, ere either could be aware.

The first impulse of Patricius was to fly ; it was his first act too. But the lady had a sense of dignity, as well as of danger, and preferred to risk the latter rather than the former. She therefore held her companion fast ; but he was a stalworth monk, and pulled and struggled so to effect his retreat, that he pulled the *sœur* along with him as he fled. It was a ludicrous sight

to Willomer; those unusual habits; the two sexes, the sanctified profession, at least of one, and the lonely places they frequented. And he was thinking how he could make the best of the adventure, that is, turn it to the most ludicrous and amusing effect, when accident seconded him. The gown of Patrice gave way in the grasp of his companion; it rent suddenly, and the too-abruptly liberated friar fell headlong in the moist vicinity of a little rivulet that trickled through the wood.

Willomer ran most obligingly to his aid; but the fall seemed to have added nimbleness to the ecclesiastic's terrors, for he had started up, and fled far and fast, ere the hand of Orange constable, for he imagined Willomer no other, could reach him. The lady was thus left to Willomer's guard and guidance, and she in turn betrayed no terrors, but rather enjoyed the discomfiture of her late companion.

Willomer contemplated the lady with other feelings than those of merriment. She was still beautiful, and had been lovely, with features and expression surviving far more of the world

than of the cloister. Her smile, indeed, which the scene brought to her face, was any thing save the simple wonderment of a "cloistered nun;" neither was it of that broad and hearty kind that marks the vulgar; it was the slight, disdainful, self-respecting smile, that folk learn to put on in polite society. The attitude, the look of ease and dignity that she now assumed before an intruder and a stranger, corresponded with this, and commanded the courtesy of Willomer. Her dress was little decisive of her condition; she wore a veil, a sable habit, and a plaited wimple round her neck; and she looked, perhaps, as much the widow as the nun.

"Pray, Sir, who are you?" said the lady, very composedly and haughtily, designedly so, as she perceived the intruder to be of the free.

"Major Willomer, of Lord Deloraine's regiment of horse, and very much your ladyship's humble and devoted servant. Might I beg of you the same favour?"

"I must first see, do you deserve it? What can bring Major Willomer, of Lord Deloraine's regiment, to Corramahon?"

The question was natural enough, considering the different principles and party of Wil-
lomer, and of the family he was about to vi-
sit. Yet the officer was surprised by it. And
although he had an answer ready prepared,
he did not feel confident, "especially under
that keen glance, to say," that he came to in-
quire for his friend Garret. "Having already
found what I have, i'faith, Madam, your pre-
sence makes me forget what I came for."

"Shall I supply your loss of memory, and
tell you?"

"By all means."

"You come to cheat a young heart, and to
break an old one."

"You wrong me, lady. By my troth! I have
not a thought on earth save pastime. And yet
to that I could be true."

"For a day."

"For eternity, if I found a heart in it."

"Did you ever find one?"

"Never!"

"Perhaps you never sought elsewhere than
in self."

“Cut like a diamond, pretty mask. Surely those trees are Ranelagh. That voice tastes not of the bogs, nor yet that wit.”

“Yet 'tis bog wit, and from an Irish mouth, Sir Englishman.”

“And your name?”

“'Twas never noised in Chocolate-House, and merits not the distinction.”

“It has been toasted in the Kit-Kat, I'll be sworn.”

This seemed too serious a hit, for the repartee was not so readily returned.

“Yet you half promised to let me know it,” said Willomer, “did I prove myself worthy. How shall I prove that to your satisfaction?”

“It would be difficult.”

“Nay, you are too severe. Task me. Bid me do aught.”

“I would forbid, not bid.”

“Speak it.”

“No. I must not turn lady-errant. Let each heart care for itself. For me, I make but one request of those who have seen me.”

“What is that?”

“That they may be silent.”

“You must give me a secret to keep first. Thy name, fair vision, that I may adore it in silence.”

“’Tis Sister Susan; put it in thy calendar, with Saint Rachel the Milesian, and Saint Anastasia the Greek Saint.”

“Hold! you both wrong and cheat me. Your’s is no sisterly tongue, and yon eye never shot from a veil but to belie it.”

“For a gallant, you know marvellously little of a cloister. I thought, ’twas there that tongues become sharpest, and were rendered of the finest temper.”

“Nay, but thine has been polished on the Court-stone.”

“The blarney-stone, Major; you mean to mock me. What know you or I of courts? But we approach the house. And to confide in your generosity, I am a *religieuse*, veritably one, concealed from the fiends of your law, and only waiting an opportunity to escape to France. You have discovered me by chance;

and I trust to your generosity to keep my secret, as well as that of my timid companion, who has fled."

"I feel confoundedly inclined to have no mercy upon such a friend of thine, who walks with thee in private; who——"

"Is my father confessor," said the lady; "and as a word of your's would discover and, perhaps, cause his death——" she led immediately towards the house as she spoke.

"There is some d—d mystification in all this!" soliloquized Willomer, as he followed. "She is an inhabitant of Corramahon too! 'Pon my troth, a well-peopled house with beauty! Chef Roger, you are the poacher here, I suspect. A nun, forsooth! not a scruple of nunhood about her. Rachel's companion, too. But a little homage will only put her in my interests. "Ha! good Mistress Ursula, I am vastly pleased to see thee. Thy young master? I came to ask."

"And what business had you colloquing with the shister?"

"Business! none, Shulah, but a pleasure: I

met her by the way ; and she guided me, telling her beads all the time, like——”

“ Troth, then ! it’s much she troubles ’em.”

“ Who is she ?”

“ Then it’s after her ye comed ?”

“ But how is Master Garret ?”

“ Getting hearty, a taste.”

“ And Miss Rachel ?”

“ Ay, in troth, Miss Rachel ? And it’s well enough she is, if she’d lave off the sighin and the fretting, and—musha then, myself wishes you war at the bottom of the Barrow, Master Major.”

“ Why are you so cruel against me, Shulah ?”

“ Because I hate the ugly whey face, and the oily tongue o’ ye. But there’s no goin agin her, shure—she’ll have her way, and so you may walk in, Master Major Woolmire.”

The Major did, but met with sorry welcome. The *Chef* was cold as court-politeness—the sister had disappeared. Ignatius was anxious, and had lost his joviality, and even Rachel was care and vigil-worn. Her glance

indeed failed not to answer his, and her hand to correspond to his pressure; but his chill welcome otherwise prevented him from reaping any of the advantages or opportunity that he sought from the interview.

He soon, therefore, whistled his dogs together, and took his departure. The lover of gaiety and gallantry, when one door was shut upon him, naturally made for another. And accordingly, instead of wending his way back to his barracks and mess, Willomer bent his steps to Palestine, where the welcome of the Knight and his family repaid him for the churlishness of the O'Mahons. The image of Sister Susan, however, continued to flit across his fancy. She was handsome, well-bred, high-born, in such garb and position. The mystery piqued him. Could he not unravel it?

The Major, full of this thought, assailed Lady Burton, the Knight, and Kit, with questions touching the family at Corramahon, their relatives, connexions; endeavouring thus to arrive indirectly at some information respecting the object of his curiosity. But they disliked the

subject, and shrunk from dwelling on it. Willomer was therefore compelled to have recourse to Miss Burton, who did not participate as yet in the family disgust at the O'Mahon name, and at its mention.

She, however, through somewhat acquainted with the Milesian and other proud connexions of the O'Mahons, knew nought; had never heard of any handsome aunt or sister that could have been in King James's Court, or in any court, nor yet in any nunnery. In short, instead of satisfying his own curiosity, Major Willomer merely awakened Anastasia's; who, instead of the questioned became the questioner, and in return for the information which she could not give, eagerly demanded that which the Major evidently knew, and which had been the cause of his inquiries.

It was certainly not Willomer's intention at first to betray the secret of the *sæur's* existence. But he had awakened not only Anastasia's suspicions, but excited in her no inconsiderable degree of pique, together with a bitterness and indisposition towards the O'Mahons, very sud-

denly called forth. This was to be improved upon, as the Major was anxious to oust his acquaintance Roger, whom he feared and hated, from the last hold that he held of the good opinions of the family of Palestine.

In this he was as successful as he desired, but not without dishonourably betraying the confidence reposed in him, if not in words, at least to all effect. And Anastasia not only imagined, what was the truth, that a lovely and mysterious female was the inmate of Corramahon, but much more respecting her, that the dishonest Willomer allowed to be suspected, and certainly suggested, though he might not assert.

“ Ah ! these French-bred gallants ! ” said he, “ and yet you looked upon us poor dragoons, who laugh and swagger somewhat, as very Rochesters ; while Monsieur Roger, forsooth, was quite a *preux* with you.”

“ Men are all the same, selfish and corrupt—one perhaps in the disclosure, as much another in the deceit.”

“ Thanks, fair lady, o’ my conscience ; I was doomed to hard knocks from gentle tongues this day.”

CHAPTER X.

IF the wretched son of O'Mahon had brought shame and sorrow upon his family and his father by his falling off, his follies and his crimes, his return and penitence were likely to prove still more disastrous. Borne home by his uncle, not all rescued from the fangs of death, which continued for a time to hover o'er him, every thought of the anxious and forgiving parent was of course for his bodily restoration. Other anxieties were deferred. But when Garret's cheek began once more to bear the first signs of returning health, when life seemed restored and reassured to him, then, indeed, the thoughts of those interested in him began to take his moral and worldly prospects in a wider view.

Ignatius O'Mahon, both as a Christian and

as one who suffered persecution for his peculiar Christian tenets, was attached to his Church. If self-interest, if the love and exercise of domination make some bigots ; the suffering for conscience' sake, the spirit of martyrdom in fact, maketh others not less decided, though far more excusable. O'Mahon was of this latter class ; and the ignorance and seclusion in which oppression forced him to live, increased that bigotry, and left it unmitigated. It was not bigotry, however, with him, but an honest feeling of religion, that made him desire to see his son turn again to the Church that he had deserted, and be received once more into its bosom.

Were the Aireach indeed lukewarm himself, a circumstance impossible, he did not want a spiritual in *Frère Patrice*, to council him touching the peril of Garret's soul, and the equal peril of his own, if the former still remained contaminated with heresy. Garret, a weak-minded creature, terrified at the death which he had faced, and all its horrific consequences, which he had for the time escaped, was as penitent as the sinner and the sick are ever inclined

to be. Almost his first words were a proffer and a vow to be reconciled to his Church, and to retake his creed. To oppose him would have been the most enormous impiety.

The case, however, was imminently dangerous and grave. Its occurrence was fully provided for by the quick-sighted cruelty of the penal laws, and was prevented or punished by the heaviest judgments. The first provision of Queen Anne's Act, so celebrated in the annals of persecution, "To prevent the farther growth of Popery," set forth and ordered, that "the perverting Protestants to the Popish religion, and the being so perverted, should be punished by the pains of *Præmunire*."

To those who are not read in Blackstone, it may be as well to state, that any one subjected to those pains, was "out of the King's protection; his lands and tenements forfeited to the King; and that his body should remain in prison during the King's pleasure." Moreover, that, like an old *Irish enemy*, he was beyond the pale of law, and that any person so inclined,

might kill him at pleasure, without being liable to be called to account for the same.

Such was the predicament in which not only Garret O'Mahon, but Ignatius and the whole family would find themselves; for that courts and magistrates would consider the father and uncle as the perverters there could be no doubt, in the case of the relapse, as it would be called, of Garret O'Mahon into Papistry.

Roger O'Mahon alone of the family begged Ignatius to pause, ere he exposed himself and his name to ruin. He sought other expedients, and proposed the sending of Garret out of the kingdom. But this itself was penal. At any rate, Garret, as the heir of Corramahon, could never enjoy it, but as a Protestant; as his profession of Papistry, at any future period, having been once enrolled a convert on the Bishop's books, would subject him, as above stated, to outlawry and forfeiture. Dissimulation and conformity to Protestantism would, therefore, be useless, unless it were continued for life and in his posterity, and that was an impiety not to be contemplated.

There were others present, Sister Susan for example, and Friar Patricius, who expected with confidence, that the reign of the Williamites was drawing to a close, and that their persecuting race would perish with them. Queen Anne, their last prop of hope, was slowly languishing away; and that her exiled brother would be her successor, was by them as firmly believed and asserted, as hoped.

It was, therefore, after much mooting, determined, that Garret O'Mahon's penance, recantation, and reconciliation to the Church, should take place publicly—as public had been the falling off—at one of their secret chapels, and at midnight; a time and place, when and where the Catholics of the country might attend and witness the resumption of orthodoxy by young O'Mahon, without being liable to the interruption or hostile information of their Orange enemies.

This secrecy was necessary for the safety of others, as well as of that of the O'Mahons. Father Patrice, for example, incurred the pain of death, as a regular, if taken officiating. But,

as not a Catholic clergyman, save himself, existed in the region round, he dared the rigour of the law for the sake of his Church and his flock. The law, indeed, allowed certain priests, who were registered, to officiate in their own parishes, without attendance, images, or processional ceremonies; limiting them, too, to bury their Catholic dead in the Protestant churchyard—a regulation that inspired the Catholics with horror, and made them suppose that their enemies, the heretics, sought to have the bodies of true believers in their vicinity when dead, in order the better to creep into Heaven in their company.

The permission, however, granted to registered priests was illusory, at least temporary; inasmuch as, no priests being allowed to enter the kingdom from foreign parts, none at the same time permitted to be educated at home, nor any Catholic bishop tolerated there who might ordain them, there was no mode of procuring successors for the registered clergy, as they dropped off in the order of Nature. Hence the Catholic priesthood would have become

•

extinct in the country, and all the rites of their Church would have been suspended—of that Church, mark the free exercise of whose worship was guaranteed by the Treaty of Limerick—were it not for those courageous interlopers, chiefly monks, who, concealing themselves in holes and lurking-places from the death with which the law threatened and often visited them, contrived to afford the consolations of the Church, and to perform its offices for their unhappy flock.

Patricius was one of these, the proscribed priest, in fact, of half a dozen parishes, who committed the crime of saying mass once in the month, perhaps, for each district and congregation, at the risk of his life. The Williamite magistrates, amongst others Sir Christopher Burton, knew of course of his existence; they must have known that marriages, christenings, and the other important rites of the Church, could not be either dispensed with, or performed without a minister. They shrunk, nevertheless, from seeking too vigilantly or executing

the cruelty of the law to the letter, not being sorry, nevertheless, to hold it *in terrorem* over the heads of the innocent though culprit population, whenever any ebullition of popular feeling on one hand, of aristocratic zeal on the other, or secret wishes of the Government, should require a fresh specimen of cruelty, resistance, and tumult.

From the long wars and troubles that had devastated Ireland, and accustomed its population to habits militant—from this, and from the hostility always shown and wreaked upon the insignia of their religion, the altar, crucifix, and candlesticks, they had become accustomed to make use of movable chapels, such as foreign regiments are used to carry with them, and to install in a tent for the purposes of the hour. This they might have learned from their French auxiliaries in the last war; and now that the Catholic worship was especially forbidden in ancient abbeys, churches, or in the venerable ruins of old consecrated to it—these places being not only ruined, but strictly

watched—they were compelled, though in their native land, to adopt for their prayers the ways of military in campaign.

Their tent, in this case, however, was, as they themselves might say, a mud hut, hastily thrown up for the occasion, sufficiently large to contain the deal-table that served as altar, on which, despite its coarseness, were placed the silver candlesticks, the golden cross, and other precious ornaments, that could be safe in no fixed or known chapel, and were, consequently, preserved concealed. For the congregation, the sky was sufficient canopy, and the green sward around holy enough for their genuflexions.

The spot pitched upon for the public penitence of the son of O'Mahon, was called the Hermit's Well, and was situated in the mountains to the westward of Catherlogh, betwixt that town and Castlecomer; and as lying within the precincts of O'More's country, and infested by the Rapparees, it was considered out of the reach of the Williamites, and beyond their interference. Here was the mud hut erected, and every due preparation made.

It lay in a deep wild valley, bounded by rocky and bare ridges, but so overgrown in its depth with furze and briar, that to wend one's way through it was extremely difficult. A space was trodden clear around the Holy Well, which was formed beneath, and bubbled from the foot of a lofty rock. It was overgrown and covered with a huge thorn-bush, which was all overhung with bits of rag of divers colours, being the poor and characteristic offerings of a beggared race.

It was the eve of the patron, or *fête* of the Hermit's Well, a kind of meeting, in which, as is the custom throughout all Catholic countries, merriment and devotion were united. These merry-makings were indeed forbidden by the Government. One of the kind held at St. John's Well in the county Meath, a short time previous to the period of this story, was the occasion, on account of a miracle reported to have been worked there, of some three-score of the first Catholic gentlemen of the kingdom being committed to close imprisonment. Patrons and miracles were alike forbidden by Act

of Parliament; and the same edict was placarded over the sanctuaries of the Irish saints, as was affixed to that of the Deacon Paris, in the French capital,

De par le Roi, defense à Dieu

De faire miracle en ce lieu.

Miracles, however their workers and believers may be, are little amenable to statute-law. The wells were as much frequented as before, and very effectual cures they wrought, inasmuch as many patients languishing under the consequences of filth, actually washed themselves in the stream, and, as was natural, felt much refreshed. The Hermit's Well was one of these, and was in consequence much frequented by the devout, the ailing, and the merry-making.

The service of the mass too, which each district was enabled to hear but rarely, was to be celebrated on the night in question. None of these causes were wanting to ensure a crowd of witnesses. The defection of the son of O'Mahon, of the oldest and truest Irish blood in the country, had called forth a cry of horror, of terror, and of rage. All now rejoiced in pro-

portion; and eagerly flocked to behold the apostate humble himself in penitence, and be restored to the common fold.

Silence nevertheless, silence unbroken as the darkness that enveloped the crowd, reigned at the appointed midnight in the chosen place. A hum and a whisper might have been, but it was breathless; and to one who looked down from the bare hills above, the Hermit's well would have seemed as deserted as Nature left and intended it. On a sudden, the eyes of the distant spectator—nor were such wanting—were struck with the gleam of some score of lighted torches, which flung their lurid light upon the crowded and silent multitude. It showed their countless heads crimson near the light, and fading away into the dusk, as they receded: the huge rock above the well reflected the ray to its very point, and the bushes shone white in the glare.

The torches and their bearers moved in procession; the penitent, no doubt, in the midst of them. They seemed to perambulate the crowd, and to return to the little chapel which was

then lighted up, and streamed forth its splendours upon the crowd in front. The chaunt of Friar Patricius was raised at the same time, and its solemn tones, so audible and sonorous in the stillness of night, were echoed from the impending rock, and rung through the lonely valley.

As misfortune and sorrow elevate the religious thoughts of the individual, so doth persecution sublime the devout feelings of the congregation or sect. So contrary in every way are heavenly feelings to worldly, that pride, hope, and courage, spring in the one from the very states, that would kill them in another. For no—not all the glories and the magnificence that can surround an established worship, can communicate to it that sacred, that impressive character, that the sense of persecution can bestow upon the pompless ceremonies, and the murmured prayers of the midnight conventicle.

On the summit of a hill, at about half a mile distance, stood, contemplating the midnight mass of the assembled Catholics, a strong Orange party of troops and magistrates, and influential

folk of Catherlogh, M'Crosky, Kit Burton, and divers others of the same stamp and zeal. They were very uncertain in their projects. The hill-side was over-woven, thick with furze and briars, through which horse—and the whole party had taken care to be well mounted—could with difficulty thread their way. The only path was watched and guarded, and although they might be strong enough to force their way, yet their aim was to discover and espy, rather than disturb, and they cautiously avoided giving any alarm. Nearer, therefore, they feared to approach, and it was exceedingly desirable to have some witness to overhear and behold what they expected was going forward—the recantation of the son of O'Mahon.

It was hinted by the leaders, how much they desired that some one would venture down and mingle amongst the crowd. Not one, however, responded to the wish, or came forth to answer it.

“Ye 're a sneaking set of spalpeens,” said M'Crosky, addressing his civil followers. “Much use in swearing-in the likes o' you, that fear to

vinture among a gang of Papists for a second or two, and they busy crawl-thumping and mumbling *paters*, and the night, too, dark as pitch."

"If it wa'rn't in O'More's country," expostulated one; "for black Ulick's the cutest and wickedest thief, mountain or plain side o' the Barrow."

"Bother with you!" replied the attorney, suiting his dialect to his audience. "It's a goose's gizzard you've under your arm, and no heart."

"He'd think no more of knocking a man's brains out, or hanging him by the legs for the ravens to pick th' eyes of his head, as he sarved the cadger of Carrickfergus."

"Sorrow a taste of throe blood in your veins, honey; so hould your gabble, and let us see if Clem here has the pluck to go."

"Five gold-finches, Clem, you shall have," said young Kit Burton, "if you go down."

But Clem was as reluctant as his comrade.

"Clap your caubeen on your head, Clem, and be off down there wid you," said M'Crosky.

“We’ll cut every mother’s son of them to pieces, if they hurt the hair o’ your head.”

“Ay,” said Clem, “that wouldn’t put a body together again, after he was kilt.”

“You’re a set of ——” said the attorney.

“Couldn’t a body swear they seed it, and that be all one as if he did,” said Clement, preferring perjury to bodily peril; “for myself would not put himself amongst O’More’s people to be made master of Palestine.”

“Out upon ye! ye are slovenly swearers, still more awkward with mouth than ye are backward with hand; not like the boys of the North, or the Dublin jackeens, that are keen and thorough-going; but ye always stick short of the point, or else go beyond it. Haven’t I had ten of the prettiest o’ causes spoilt by the likes o’ you?”

“Go down yoursel’, then, Master M’Crosky, since you’re so mortal nice about it,” said Clement. “Ye’ll aarn the gold-finches, you know, and ye’s have the pluck, sure, if we haven’t.”

“I have half a mind to it,” said the Sub-sheriff.

"You were a bit of a Papist yoursel' once, you know," continued Clement, angry that the reward was going to another, though he himself wanted the courage to earn it; "and you are up to the crawl-thumping ways of 'em, sure."

"I owe you one for that, Clem," said M'Crosky; "so lend me your caubeen, man, and your coat, ay, and your connamara and brogues too. I must be in character. Clem, my man, your habiliments are not of the sweetest."

"Musha, then, it's mighty nice you've grown."

"If the Papists should kill me—" said M'Crosky, ceasing to button the last button of Clem's vest about him.

"We'll bury ye's dacent," said the consolatory Clem.

"You must draw nearer," said the attorney to his party, "if I venture."

"We will, to give you confidence," said Kit, "within a musket shot. Though it will be hard work to make way through the furze."

"And remember, if they find me out, for

O'More's as sharp-sighted as a fox, you charge them."

"Fear not," said Kit.

"Then here goes!" said the Sub-sheriff, and he rushed upon his perilous mission.

M'Crosky, who was a stout and rustic limb of the law, and not from birth a stranger to the peasant or the Papist race, might have well passed, even in open day, for the character he assumed; and as his intention was merely to mingle amongst the outermost of the crowd, mark what was going forward, and retire, he did not deem the risk as aught very fearful. He found the frequented path, followed amongst other stragglers, and soon came to the congregation round the well.

It was no longer with chaunt or prayer that the assemblage was occupied. The priest, Patricius, had no sooner terminated his ministry at the altar, than he yielded his place to a minister of other than heavenly interests, to a Jacobite emissary in fact, who straight prepared to address the crowd from that elevated and sacred

place. He first showed his credentials, which the friar examined before all, and declared himself satisfied with them, stating, that the person about to speak had come to the country as secretary to Lord Auchinleck, an ambassador of distinction, known to have been sent by the Stuarts. His lordship had, however, been taken by a fever in Tipperary County, owing to the fatigues and hardships which the necessity and difficulty of concealment caused him, and had there perished in the course of the last year, a martyr to the cause of his King and his religion.

The emissary then commenced his harangue with what has long been a fertile source of eloquence, the wrongs and sufferings of Ireland. Her fidelity, nevertheless, to an English race of monarchs was a theme as flattering to his audience, and he enlarged equally upon it, asserting the reciprocal love of the Stuart family towards Ireland, founded upon gratitude, and on the strong bond of the true religion which both professed. The English were equally the enemies of both; and it was only by aiding one another

that the King could be restored to his rights, or the Irish people to their just independence. The Princess Anne, whom the Williamites called Queen, was at the point of death ; and she, from family affection, had prepared the way for her brother's succession. But arms could alone secure that. Scotland would rise in his behalf, the better part of England, and, as the issue of the contest could not be doubtful, it behoved the loyal Irish not to be behindhand in zeal, but to rise in insurrection and overwhelm those enemies that tyrannize over their Isle.

Pretty similar to this, at least, was the gist of the emissary's harangue ; the import of which his rude audience understood more by their own acuteness and powers of conjecture, than by their absolutely understanding the half Frenchified, half Anglicised tongue of him who addressed them. Patricius, however, seconded and expounded, and pressed strongly upon his flock their duty to hold themselves ready for insurrection, and to commence it at a signal given.

The priest himself, in daily peril of his

liberty and life, naturally longed for any change of circumstances. Persecuted, he was eager to retaliate and resist; and those who outlawed him, obliged and almost justified him to proscribe in turn.

The assembled Irishry were not, however, "in the vein." Not only the disasters of James's royal and disgraceful campaign were in their memories, but later discomfitures in partial insurrections, brought on by deceitful emissaries, as this fellow might be, were not forgotten. The time too was ill chosen. The morning after the gaiety of the patron might have afforded auditors more ready to inflame. For the present, they looked hesitatingly towards their natural chiefs, one of whom was Roger O'Mahon. Ignatius had not attended a ceremony so humiliating to his son; nor did he allow Rachel to attend it either—they lingered at Corramahon; whilst Roger, as the representative of the father and the chief, accompanied Garret. Sister Susan too was at the Hermit's Well.

The *Chef* looked blank on the proposed en-

terprise ; and in nothing seconded the exhortation of Patricius and his friend. A most spiritless silence ensued upon the harangue ; it excited not a single enthusiastic cheer. Each looked to his neighbour, expecting the answer that each refrained from giving ; and Dermid at length uttered the only one, which was passing pithy.

“ Catherlogh boys ! take a fool’s advice, and let us have nothing to do with Shamus.”

“ *Shamus a —— !*” exclaimed the crowd, with an opprobrious epithet in Irish, that marked the extremity of their contempt.

It is certain, that the emissary in question, could not have addressed an equal number of English peasants and agriculturists with a similar exhortation, without finding a majority of voices responsive to his appeal. The English mob was notoriously Jacobite, almost as long as Jacobitism existed. The Irish certainly were not so. Yet on premises directly the contrary of this fact, was founded the necessity of oppression and injustice towards the latter people.

“ You have forsworn then your allegiance to

your legitimate king!" angrily exclaimed the Friar; his reproach having some effect upon his audience.

"That will Ulick O'More never!" cried the young Chief of the Rapparees: "let the disarmed kerns, that had rather grasp a plough-handle than a sword-hilt, stoop to the Dutchman or the Saxon for liberty—to reap his crop. The free Irish will still cry King James."

"Shamus for ever!" now echoed as loudly in response to the Rapparee's exhortations, as *Shamus a* — did to Dermid's damper, the wild O'More's men rejoicing in the prospect of troublous times. None joined more loudly in the rebellious cry than the disguised M'Crosky.

"For me," cried Dermid, "who live rather by the cutting of corn-stalks, than either folk's throats or purses, —"

"Down with him!" cried the Rapparees.

"Keep close," burst forth O'Mahon's followers.

"To him, boys! slit the coward's wind-pipe," lustily roared M'Crosky, in glee with the hope of seeing Papist blood flow. But the

Friar interposed, and coming forward, rebuked and calmed the angry spirit of O'More's people. Then turning round, he said,

“ To you, Roger O'Mahon, I now address myself. Your backwardness it is, that gives strength and tongue to the defection of those recreants, that refuse to cry, or to stand up for the good cause. Rise! speak thou, who hast known in foreign lands the exile Stuart—who hast marked and must have pitied the fallen fortunes of his race, and who must have returned to your native land, not merely with the selfish wish of re-beholding it, but of re-asserting its rights, of raising it from degradation, of freeing an holy religion from persecution, and of setting its emerald crown on the head of its rightful wearer.”

Much more did the Friar say, and with equal zeal. But Roger was deaf to his eloquence. He replied in a few words, that he was fully sensible both of Ireland's wrongs, and of the Stuart's rights; but that he well knew also the disunion and feebleness of the country compared with its foe, as well as the incapacity of the

race they would choose as sovereign. He would not, therefore, although he might for himself peril aught, induce a single peasant to risk his present tranquillity in a struggle, the immediate issue of which could not be doubtful.

“ O’Mahon’s country then,” said the emissary, “ may be accounted blank in the map of Ireland.”

“ Shame be to its lukewarm chieftain,” said O’More.

“ There goes the Rapparee,” observed Dermid, “ ever with his skene upon a friend’s throat, when it cannot reach a foe’s.”

“ O’More,” said Roger, “ we have as much cause and incitement as thou, to stand up against the Williamites and the Protestant, seeing that this night’s ceremony subjects our persons and our lands to all the vengeance of our enemies; but not for this selfish reason, nor for thy rudeness, will I incite these unarmed kerns, as you call them, to raise the war single-handed against the English. What this personage tells us, is idle. France will not aid you; Lewis is old and worn. Spain is as

exhausted. The Pope as poor as he is false. I speak it deliberately, good friar. The holy Father favoured the enterprise of Protestant William against Catholic James. Where then are you to look for aid, or for power to withstand what with France at your back you failed in? The day must come, I grant you, when a stand must be made, and war waged for Irish liberty and Irish rights; that is, unless reason win what patience and the sword must. But the time is not come. And if our resources be not husbanded, 'twill never come; especially if restlessness, not policy, dictate from time to time these partial and idle attempts."

"There spoke the politic Chief," cried Dermid. "O'Mahon for ever!"

"The false friend!" cried O'More, "the traitor!"

"Robber-dog!" said Garret, bursting from the humility of the penitent, and giving vent to a zeal, by which he sought to make amends for past defection, "have at thee for the insult," and he rushed upon O'More.

Roger in vain endeavoured to restrain his nephew. O'More's followers gathered around Ulick; O'Mahon's people gathered around the brother of their Chief, when both parties, raising up an hideous yell, rushed upon one another with fury, all as extreme as difference of creed or political hate could have inspired.

Although this fierce quarrel was, as such still would be, but the natural and usual termination of an Irish *fête*, or of Irish met together even for the purpose of gaiety and good fellowship, the present tumult, nevertheless, struck the party of Orangemen, anxious as they were for the safety of their venturous comrade, as something portentous. Such a sudden explosion could have been only produced, thought they, by the discovery of M'Crosky. And, accordingly, after some few hasty conjectures, and interjections, and mutual queries, they pricked on their horses to the rescue.

The Friar and Roger O'Mahon were endeavouring to separate the combatants; the latter in act, the former by unheard exhortation, to

deliver which he stood in the opening of the sacred hut. It was he who first perceived the coming charge of the police-party, and he succeeded in giving the alarm to a few around and near him. "The Williamites," the "Catherlogh horse," "the Saxon red-coats," were words that ran speedily from mouth to mouth, and informed the struggling and mingled crowd of the menaced peril, of which they soon became more sensible by the bearing down of the common enemy. The O'Mahons and O'Mores were speedily blended in the same ranks to oppose them. The national cry of *Erin go braugh*, sent forth with a far more zealous and inspiring cheer, than the party-cries of O'Mahon and O'More had been shouted, was responded to by the savage yell of, "Down with the Papist dogs!" used by Kit Burton and his constabulary followers.

Although it had thus fallen out contrary to the intentions of the Sub-sheriff and his friends, and although M'Crosky might have wished that the charge had been delayed until the two had been more exhausted, nevertheless the war-

cry and the approaching havoc were grateful to him. He joined lustily in the shouts of his friends, and was conspicuous in aiding them to cut down and make an impression on the Papists. These, however, stood firm; scared the steeds of their enemies with waving torches, and dismounted them with stones and cudgels, the only weapons with which the greater part of the crowd were armed.

The horsemen were obliged to wheel round frequently, retire, and return to the charge. They could not break the solid body of the Papists, nor even the foremost ranks. There was a crowd of women and helpless beings behind, who could not fail to be crushed, if those in the front gave way. And to save them from being trodden to death, their defenders awaited death in their places, unarmed as they were, rather than retreat.

Roger O'Mahon ordered that the torches might be extinguished, and this proved a check to the Williamites. He was, however, for a long time uttering this command ere he was obeyed; and the Sub-sheriff, who saw that

the effect of this in the present darkness of the night would be to allow the escape of all the Papistry, was determined to secure one prisoner at the least, by way of trophy. He therefore approached, and marked out Garret O'Mahon, who stood gallantly enough in the front of the battle. The moment the torches were extinguished, he seized the youth and dragged him with a powerful hand towards his party. Garret, weak from past illness, did not want for lungs in his extremity, and called lustily to the rescue. O'More rushed to his aid, late enmity forgotten; and the Sub-sheriff, caught in his own device, felt himself detained in the still more doughty grasp of Ulick O'More.

It was now M'Crosky's turn to shout, and shout he did to the rescue. His friends were true, and spurred a most vigorous and obstinate charge to bring him off at least. In this the foes came to a close struggle, and more met their death in this last thrall, than had hitherto fallen. After it there ensued a pause, a cessation of strife. The Papists took breath,

and expected a renewal; but no sound gave notice of an attacking foe. The Williamites had retreated.

"Lights, lights!" cried Ulick: "kindle your bog-pine, my merry fellows, that we may see what the Cromwellians have left us. Dead they have left, I'll be sworn, and living, too; for I grasp a fellow that breathes hard and strong. Who are you?—let's see."

A pine-branch was kindled at the moment, and Ulick held it to M'Crosky, whom he still grasped.

"What! a spalpeen! a fellow in frieze and blue connamaras! one of us, by ——, and he siding with the heretics. He shall die, by my father's head, I swear it, the traitor."

"Plase your honour," said the Sub-sheriff, sinking unconsciously into his born rank and character, and pulling off Clem's caubeen. The act of reverence displayed the powdered head of the attorney, and Ulick started. The captive was turned round and examined. His shirt and ruffles appeared ill-assorted with his borrowed habiliments.

“ A spy ! a spy ! a Williamite spy ! ” so was the discovery proclaimed.

As curiosity tempted all and each to take a peep at the unfortunate captive, it was not long ere he was recognized as Mr. 'Torney and Sub-sheriff' M'Crosky. A shout of triumph hailed the discovery of so welcome a prisoner.

The attorney pleaded for mercy.

“ You are as welcome as Noll Cromwell's self, were he living,” was the answer of Ulick, accompanied by so dark a look, that it almost petrified poor M'Crosky.

“ And now for the dead,” continued the Rap-parec, who, aided by some of his followers, began to examine the four or five fallen enemies, not forgetting to rifle, as they turned them, with all their professional adroitness and recklessness.

“ Gob—but here's a prize,” quoth one, displaying an ornament of price and distinction, that he had just taken from one of the fallen.

“ Ha ! cried Ulick, “ that is an eagle's feather ; it tokeneth gentility, or what those Saxon

dogs of yesterday would call gentility. Turn him over—young too.”

“Here will be a feud,” quoth Roger O’Mahon; “’tis young Christopher Burton, son of the knight of Palestine.”

“The young blood-hound has died a hound’s death. A knotted cudgel has driven in his skull. So much for knightly fate!” said Ulick.

“It is a merited one, I must say,” said the *Chef*.”

“There spoke something like an O’Mahon.”

“Spare your praise, Sir. I shall be more sensible to it, than to your blame. But I must hurry home to convey a lady who has accompanied me to some place of safety.”

“And then, Roger O’Mahon, will you stand up for the old cause? Have you not yet had sufficient provocation?”

“With other allies, I own, at this moment I might be tempted. But neither of us have time to lose. Catherlogh garrison, horse and foot, will soon be here to take vengeance for the imprudence of a boy and an attorney. You had

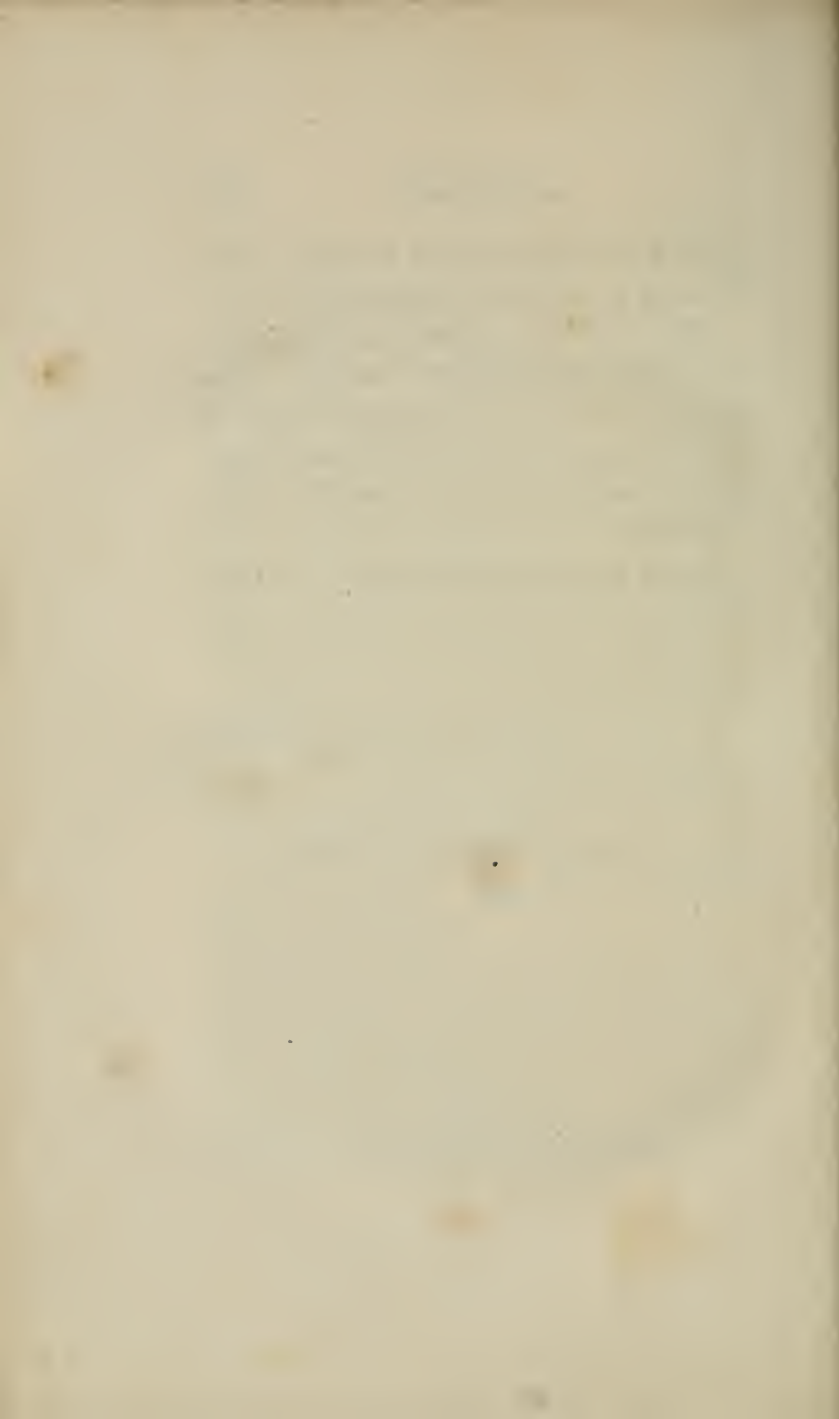
better, however, liberate your prisoner. It will show that we were not the aggressors."

"Liberate him!" exclaimed the Rapparee in astonishment that changed to a smile. "Liberate him!—that will I most assuredly in my own way and time. Fare you well! the French guardsman has, I see, few ideas left of the Irish Chief."

To this Roger internally assented. And here the *Chef* and the chieftain separated.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.



POPULAR WORKS

JUST PUBLISHED BY

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

I.

TO-DAY IN IRELAND. A Series of Tales : containing the Carders ; Connemara ; Old and New Light ; and the Toole's Warning. Second Edition. 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 7s.

II.

THE ANGLO-IRISH ; or, LOVE and POLITICS. A TALE of the NINETEENTH CENTURY. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

"The singular character of this novel and the peculiarity of talent in every chapter, might have directed public conjectures better than to the several eminent persons to whom it has been attributed. The incidents of Irish history, and the character, notions, feelings, and habits, engendered by the unprecedented situation of the people, combine to form a source of interest as fertile and as various as that from which the great Novelist of the North has created his Scotch historical Romances."—Morning Chronicle.

"This novel will be much read. Its great topic—the policy of England towards Ireland—the question, What ought now to be done with the Irish Catholics? is uppermost at present in the public mind; and it is momentous, if not all engrossing; its great staple—the feelings of the English and Irish towards each other, or rather of the provincializing Anglo-Irish, or Orange faction, towards their half-countrymen—would have been interesting at any time, from its requiring at once a portraiture of manners and an analysis of motives; but it is doubly so now, from the feelings of which it consists, and the manner in which they are dealt with, involving the quiet and prosperity of an empire; and to these attractions we must add likewise the introduction on the canvass of well-known public characters; and, beyond all, and without which the rest would lose all their natural zest, the shrewdness, knowledge of the world, scenic power, and general talents of the author. Who he is we do not pretend to know."—Scotsman.

III.

THE CROPPY. A Tale of the Irish Rebellion. By the Authors of "The O'HARA TALES," "THE NOW-LANS," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d.

"Delighted as we have been with all the previous productions of these gifted authors, it was reserved for the 'Croppy' alone to impress us with any idea of the full extent of their genius and capabilities. It is impossible to conceive a scene, or actors, better suited to the purpose of such writers, than Ireland and the unquiet spirits of 1798; and equally difficult to imagine in what other quarter they could have received the justice awarded them in this. The story itself glows with the very essence of romance and excitement."—Literary Chronicle.

Works Published by Mr. Colburn.

IV.

THE NOWLANS, and PETER of the CASTLE; being a SECOND SERIES of TALES by the O'HARA FAMILY. Second Edition. Dedicated to Thomas Moore, Esq. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

"The Author is truly a man of talent and genius."—*Lit. Gaz.*

"Since the appearance of the earliest and best of the Series of the Waverley Novels, nothing in the way of literature has so excited the public mind as the Tales by the O'Hara Family."—*New Monthly Magazine* (Article, Fashion.)

"We bid adieu to the Author with the highest opinion of his exalted talents."—*Literary Chronicle.*

V.

THE O'BRIENS and the O'FLAHERTYS; a Tale. By LADY MORGAN, Author of "The WILD IRISH GIRL," "O'DONNELL," "FLORENCE MACARTHY," &c. &c. Second Edition. In 4 vols. post 8vo. 36s.

"Lady Morgan has on this occasion excelled herself, and has furnished the admirers of historical romance with a high and extraordinary treat."—*Literary Chronicle.*

"Lady Morgan has again entered upon the arena of literary competition, in a work which abounds in all the numerous characteristics of her eminent talents and genius. We have the same accurate conceptions of life—the same vigorous and comprehensive views of society in all its relations—the same felicitous conception of character and incidents, and the same powers of vivid description, and glowing sketches which have so pre-eminently distinguished her former works."—*Morning Chronicle.*

VI.

THE PROTESTANT; a TALE of the REIGN of QUEEN MARY. By the Authoress of "DE FOIX," and "THE WHITE HOODS." 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

"A well-timed, efficient, and valuable performance."—*La Belle Assemblée.*

VII.

THE CARBONARO; a TALE of the NINETEENTH CENTURY. 2 vols. post 8vo.

VIII.

SAILORS AND SAINTS. By the Authors of the "NAVAL SKETCH BOOK." 3 vols. post 8vo.

"While reading 'Sailors and Saints' the floor of our room has seemed to reel; we have fancied we have felt the salt spray of the sea on our face—so completely have we been absorbed in the graphic descriptions and living presentments before us."—*United Service Journal.*

IX.

TALES of a VOYAGER to the ARCTIC OCEAN. SECOND SERIES. 3 vols. post 8vo.

X.

TALES OF PASSION. By the Author of "GILBERT EARLE." 3 vols. post 8vo.

Contents: Lord Lovel's Daughter—The Bohemian—Second Love.





UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 041774735